

The Spinster

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The Spinster (1898)

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The
Spinster

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Nannie Mae Pulliman





THE SPINSTER



EDITED BY THE SENIOR CLASS OF
• HOLLINS INSTITUTE, VIRGINIA •

where Singleness is Bliss, 't is Folly to be Wives.



1897-98





PROFESSOR CHARLES L. COCKE.





“ O him who was to Hollins
Creator, builder, guide,
Our loyal love and rev'rence
Shall evermore abide.”

(Hollins Hymn—Thom.)

OUR BEAUTIFUL LITTLE SPRING.

LONG, long ago, probably a hundred years or more, there was discovered in the bed of the creek which skirts the western limits of our present grounds, a sulphur spring of valuable medicinal and curative properties. While men have come and men have gone, this little spring has continued its unchanging temperature and flow, in seasons wet and seasons dry, through summer's heat and winter's cold. All unconsciously, too, to itself, it has wrought results affecting not only the country and people immediately around, but going forth to all Virginia and to the most distant States of the continent. It really has made for itself a history—a history that deserves to be written, and which we here propose to bring briefly to view.

Many years ago, how many we know not, but certainly more than a century, there came to this section a man by the name of Carvan. Whence he came, or who were his progenitors, tradition fails to reveal. He was a noted character in his day—a man of pluck and spirit, of daring adventure, if not, indeed, a genius. His exploits have been handed down from generation to generation even to these times. At the time he made his appearance on this scene, the country immediately around and adjacent to this place was thickly wooded, and settlements were few and widely separated. Wild and hostile Indians roamed the primeval forests, while the panther, the bear, the catamount and the deer were yet in the land. Other native animals of smaller size—such as the fox, the squirrel, the raccoon, the opossum, the rabbit—together with fish and wild fowl abounded. Carvan found this land, and he (whether from the dangers and exactions of eastern wars, or from a natural penchant for the wild and romantic, does not appear), thought it a goodly land, and here he pitched his tent, and here he lived and died. To provide a safe and secure protection from the tomahawk and scalping knife



of savage enemies, and the not less dangerous night attacks of lurking ferocious wild beasts, he erected a rock castle with port-holes, from which he might, with his trusty rifle, pick off any approaching enemy. This rude fort was located on the site where now stands our Art Building, and its remains were clearly visible when, nearly sixty years ago, I first visited the spot.

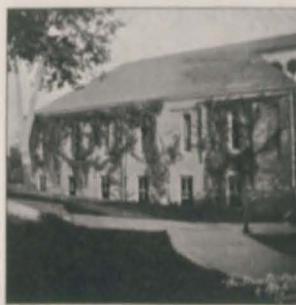
Of course, Mr. Carvan had occasionally to go forth to distant settlements to procure his indispensable beverage of cheap Rio coffee, his "apple-jack," his powder and ball. These excursions always suggested danger, and often resulted in hair-breadth escapes from instant death. He never ventured forth unless clad in defensive armor—a long blade at his side and rifle in hand. His experience soon gave him a habit of wakefulness at night and watchfulness by day, which made him superior to his stealthy foes. Always on the alert, always ready and equipped to meet dangerous emergencies, if attacked in single combat, he was sure to bring his "Injun" down; but when attacked by many, he would fire his single barrel with deadly effect and take to his heels. Being swift of foot, wherever he might be, he would strike a bee-line for his castle—over bramble and bog, over hillock and mountain, over craggy rocks and rushing torrents, he would speed to his safe retreat as swiftly as a mountain deer. Many marvelous traditions of his encounters with Indians, with wild cats and bears, were rife in the country as late as fifty years ago. One will suffice for this paper. It was said that on a certain occasion, when on the top of Green Ridge Mountain, the first range in rear of the Institute, he found himself in the midst of a roving band of Indians. Ever equal to emergencies, he fired his rifle and ran with all speed along the crest

of the mountain until he reached the precipice which overhangs the deep gorge through which the stream, now bearing his name, makes its romantic way. Pressed by the Indians in his rear shouting their terrible war-whoops, he hesitated not, but made the fearful leap to the deep pool below and thus saved his scalp and his life. This remarkable man gave his name to the stream and to the region above the gorge (now called the "Falls"). "Carvan's Creek" and "Carvan's Cove" now transmit to us all that we know of the first settler on these historic grounds, save the wild legends to which allusion has been made.

The exact date of the discovery of the little spring is not known. But the people of that day, who lived in the region around,



thought they had, indeed, found a bonanza. They dammed the waters above, changed the channel of the stream, and prepared for boarders. They sounded abroad the virtues of the little spring, and people from afar began to come, and have continued to come, to this day. At first they pitched tents and bought supplies from the populace around. They fished, they hunted, and oftentimes regaled their appetites, whetted by use of the marvelous waters, with wild game and fish. So the little fountain continued to flow and the people continued to enjoy its health-giving waters for years, the wild romantic country and the opportunities for sport and pleasure adding to the attractions of the place. But, after a while, say seventy-five years ago, a gentleman of means and prominence, associated with himself other capitalists, and purchased a large tract of land, including the spring, purposing to do business on a larger scale. Houses were erected, main building and cottages; the grounds were laid off, ornamental trees and shrubbery planted, vegetable garden enclosed and cultivated, beef cattle and milk cows provided, and, indeed, everything to make it a pleasant and attractive resort was brought into requisition. Soon fashion and wealth from distant parts came trooping in to see the little spring and quaff its far-famed waters. Hunting, fishing, horse-racing, mountain walks and even the simple ways and manners of the plain denizens of the forest, were converted into sources of pleasure and enjoyment. Old Mr. Johnston was put to his wits' end to meet the emergency and failed to meet it. His business was beyond his calculations and his capacities; his guests were more numerous and more exacting than he had ever dreamed of. Like all Virginia gentlemen of his day, he well knew a first-class hotel when he was a guest; but how to conduct one himself he knew not. Its varied and constant exactions by day and by night were too much for a gentleman accustomed to leisure and high social enjoyments. Like all the race of Virginia hotel-keepers of the olden time, his first aim was to catch his game, but made no preparations for serving it until in hand. Mr. Johnston caught more than he bargained for. The people came—came in troops, came from afar, the high and the low; even General Jackson, of Tennessee, "Old Hickory" himself, came. Mr. Johnston was not prepared for so many, and especially was the equipment unequal to the exactions of his more wealthy and distinguished visitors. He busied about, he improvised, he fretted, he swore; but all this could not atone for inferior equipment and defective service.



The reputation of the little spring had completely outrun and overrun his calculations. However, the attractions of the place itself, and its wild, romantic surroundings, afforded relief; his guests came to enjoy themselves as well as to quaff the health-giving waters. They hunted and fished, they danced, they played cards, they ran horses on the race-track, they climbed the precipitous mountains, and "Johnston's Springs" enjoyed for a time a wide-spread reputation as a good place to sojourn at—good for health and good for enjoyment. Its social and festive life had many charms for the very high order of people who made their annual pilgrimages to its shady bowers to recreate and to dissipate. Not many years elapsed before Mr. Johnston closed his career of earthly pleasures and vexations, and was buried very near the scenes in which he had been the most conspicuous figure and the most prominent actor. His remains have been removed in recent years to the

East Hill Cemetery, of Salem, Va.



His death was the signal for the dissolution of the company. The lands were sold off by piece-meal to permanent settlers, leaving only the hundred and fifty acres surrounding the spring, which now constitute the remnant of the original domain. The buildings and the spring fell into the hands of renters, who vainly strove to restore the place to its former prosperity and prominence. Passing yearly from one hand to another for successive seasons, the grounds and immediate surroundings gave evidence of decay and departing glories, destined soon, however, to take on a new and higher life.

About the year 1840 the property was offered for sale at a merely nominal valuation. No purchaser could be found—no one came forward to restore the place to its former régime and attractiveness; no one, indeed, was disposed to make such a venture, as other watering-places had improved their accommodations, and the facilities for reaching them, to such an extent as to defy competition. It, however, came to pass that a man from the North—a minister of the Baptist faith—came to Virginia with the avowed purpose of improving the educational advantages of the old State. His name was Joshua Bradley, and he was advanced in years. His wife was his only companion, for if he had any children, they did not accompany him on his philanthropic mission. It was about the year 1841 that he visited the place, and finding many cottages and other buildings unoccupied and all for sale, he at once conceived the idea of making it the site of a great school for both sexes.

With no money in his pocket, and no promise of any, he purchased the property at a venture on deferred payments, and opened school, appointing himself principal. The natural attractions of the place, its reputation for healthfulness, the buildings, the little spring, at once brought to him overflowing numbers—boys and girls, young men and young women, came in flocks. He then, with the argument of large numbers and bright prospects, went to the people for money to pay for the property. His plan was to form an Education Society, under the imposing title, "The Valley Union Education Society of Virginia." This society was chartered on the principle of a joint stock company, and was to conduct an institution for all denominations, the principal, however, to be a man of his own (Mr. Bradley's) church connection.

Mr. Bradley soon found he had embarked on a boisterous sea. He had numbers and he had public confidence to some extent; but his newly-made friends, while rejoicing in his success, failed to respond with alacrity, and in liberal gifts, to his appeals for money. His debts loomed up before him in huge proportions for one of his means. He also found himself, at his age of life, totally unqualified to manage Virginia youths, especially the more high-spirited. He had troubles and vexations unlooked for. His teachers quarrelled and threatened to eject him. So the good, old man, at the end of a single session, bade a final adieu to the infant enterprise he had started, and, shaking the very dust of old Virginia from his feet, made his way to the State of Missouri, there, doubtless, hoping to find a more congenial soil and atmosphere for the furtherance of his philanthropic plans.

The school had secured such an approval as to insure its continuance. It had many trials in its earlier years; but, still, it made progress. From 1842 to 1852, it was conducted on the original plan—that is, for both sexes. But its accommodations were too limited for both classes, and in 1852 it opened for girls only. Soon it was filled with pupils from all parts of the State; it met a pressing, but unrecognized demand, and when it had demonstrated this fact and made it palpable to all eyes, many other schools for girls arose in different parts of the State. But still it held on the even tenor of its own way, and for fifty-six years it has continued with ever-advancing standards and facilities. Previous to the war its pupils came in full numbers from Virginia alone. Now they hail from many States—north as well as south, west as well as east. The



frail buildings which Mr. Johnston erected for summer boarders have long ago been all swept away, and six large, well-constructed buildings, all of brick, have been erected in their stead. The grounds around have been greatly improved, and embrace many acres covered with shade trees and shrubbery. Its graduates are scattered all over this land, and some are in foreign countries. Its courses of literary studies are numerous and broad, its schools of music, art and elocution are of a high order. It is a school for boarding pupils mainly, and its accommodations are almost constantly filled—often to overflowing. The aggregate annual attendance for the fifty-six years of its history has been about seven thousand. The close of the current session will complete fifty-six years since its origin, during fifty-two of which it has been under its present management.

The first permanent institution of its grade for the higher education of women in the State of Virginia, it has witnessed the origin, the rise and the progress of all others. Its early success awakened public sentiment on the subject of the higher education of girls, and hence many other institutions came into being. Its advancing age has in no sense diminished its vigor and enterprising spirit. Each succeeding session still adds to its better equipment and facilities and its wider reach and influence.

Run, on, little spring ! Marvelous have been the results from your first discovery, at the bottom of Carvan's Creek, to the present time. May many come, in the future as in the past, to imbibe your health-giving waters and to drink from those other springs your existence has brought into being, whose waters invigorate and develop all that is true and noble in womankind !

This school now bears the name of Hollins' Institute—from the consideration that Mrs. Anne Hollins, of the city of Lynchburg, gave to it handsome donations and with the consent of the old education society which held possession, in the year 1855, placed it in the hands of a self-perpetuating Board of Trustees.

X. Y. X.



OUR BEAUTIFUL LITTLE SPRING.



HOLLINS HYMN.

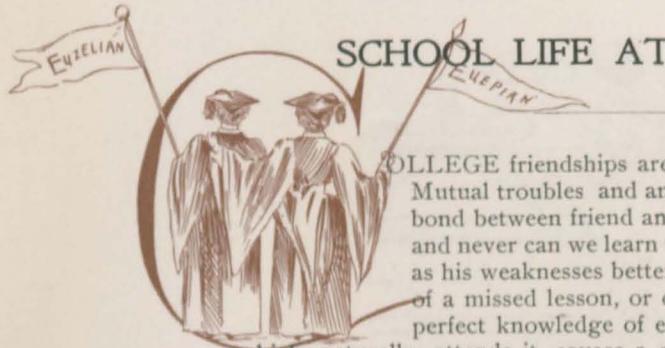
AIR—"Jerusalem the Golden."—*Ewing*.

Girt round with noble mountains,
Up-reaching to the skies,
Held close to Nature's bosom,
Our dear old Hollins lies,
So peaceful, so secluded,
So far from worldly strife,
To all an inspiration
Unto a nobler life.

With him who was to Hollins,
Creator, builder, guide,
Our loyal love and rev'rence
Shall evermore abide.
For teachers tried and faithful,
For friendships strong and true,
We have, beloved Hollins,
For these to thank thee too.

When from thy halls, dear Hollins,
We've scattered far and wide,
Thy spirit bearing with us,
O! may it be thy pride
That from each home we 've entered
A woman's love has flowed
Unto our Alma Mater,
Our country, and our God!

—MRS. WM. TAYLOR THOM,
PRESIDENT OF THE ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION
OF HOLLINS INSTITUTE.



SCHOOL LIFE AT HOLLINS.

COLLEGE friendships are often powerful friendships. Mutual troubles and ambitions and aims make the bond between friend and friend wonderfully strong, and never can we learn to know one's virtues as well as his weaknesses better than under the trying light of a missed lesson, or of an officer's rebuke. This perfect knowledge of each other, and the freedom, which naturally attends it, causes a congeniality which is one of the chief charms of college life, and nowhere, I think, is this more strongly marked than it is in the social life of Hollins. There are so many mysticisms whose signs or key-words are known only to the chosen few, that it is hard to reveal to an outsider the real delights of our social pleasures, but there are times when our joy seems contagious, and the merest looker-on must feel with us. This hidden charm is indefinable—it can only be expressed as it is illustrated.

I.

IN THE PRACTICE ROOM.



"The very old girl I want! Do stop practising. Your next lesson doesn't come till Friday, and it will do you lots more good to chat me a while."

Despite the sublime conceit of it, the invitation was too much for her, and Nell, shutting Clementi with a bang, locked the door in case of emergency, threw up the window and sat down on the sill. The night was superbly calm. Just outside the campus a little stream gurgled, and bubbled, and sang; on the right, old Tinker stood out black and majestic against the sky, and the moonlight bathed all in a silver, shimmering glow.

"Beautiful, isn't it?" said Alice, drawing the piano-stool up to the window. "Yes; everything at Hollins is beautiful," sighed Nell. "I can't bear to think that this is my last year at the dear, old place." Alice sighed also, and listened, for a moment, to the soft swish, swish of the trees. Suddenly, she started, and laughed softly. "Say, Nell," she said, "suppose we buy Hollins one of these days—you and I—and live here always. That would be fine!" "And occupy a hundred rooms—'you and I'—? Ah! I see. How practical, Alice!" Pretty Alice did not mind irony. "Silly," she laughed, "my idea isn't so narrow as that. I mean for us to do something for our sex—my plan, in short, is to turn Hollins into a 'Princess Ida' establishment, don't you know?" (She was studying Senior literature, and deep in Tennyson that quarter.) The slender figure in the window almost lost her balance with delight. "Cute!" she exclaimed, enthusiastically, "What a bright, little, old brain it is after all! Now, let's plan. To begin with, your study?—will be in the library, of course. All shadowy couches, and marble busts, and rows upon rows of dusty, musty books it must be, while my studio—" "Oh, the reading-room, *please!*" "Well, then, in the reading-room, shall be simply lined with pictures of Calvé's and Paderewski's, while my piano shall be a Steinway, and—." "Your pardon, my dear," laughingly, "but that isn't according to Tennyson." "Oh, Tennyson can—I mean that, of course, we must have modern improvements in *our* affair; and say, Nell, we won't have those fearfully out-of-date lilac, and yellow, and white robes, will we?" "Have them?" with consummate scorn, "well, I rather think not. Why, Alice, we will have Worth's establishment transported to Hollins—they can have Miss Parkinson's departments, I suppose—and subscribe to the 'Toilette,' and 'La Mode,' and be swell while we are about it. But, Alice," in a puzzled tone, "who *will* be the 'Princess'?" Alice hesitated. "Why, you," she said, politely. "No, you," confusedly. "Oh, no, you," waveringly. "Dear, I insist. It must be you," cordially. "Well, then," semi-reluctantly, "and you?" "I will be 'Lady Blanche,' of course—forbidding, horrid!" and she almost overturned the stool in her attempts to look dignified. "I will even try to rule 'Psyche's' pupils. No games of basket-ball for them after long hours in 'Uncle



Billy's' recitation-room listening to variations on Laplace; no strolls around 'the fountains spouted up and showering down, in meshes of the jasmine and the rose'; but long walks on Tinker and the other hills around (though, to be sure, we *may* have it all graded, and tracked off for wheels by then) 'to take the dip of certain strata,' 'hammering and clinking, chattering stony names.' Oh, I will make an ideal 'Lady Blanche,' jealous, meddling, crabbed."

Alice laughed joyously. "How charming it will be, and how nice the old, white gate will look with that delightful inscription over it: 'Let no man enter in on pain of death.'" "Oh, Allie—but 'Caesar!'" "Nellie Benton, I confess that Caesar has been here a *few* years, but tell me, dear, *do* you expect him to live forever? By the time our plan has matured sufficiently—"

Man's voice outside, "Is Miss Halice 'Orner 'olding this room?" The door is opened; enter Mr. Fisher; exit Nellie. Alice falls to work on Clementi.

II.

At the uncanny hour of midnight.

"Oh, this fearful, squeaking door! Sh-h-h! Listen. Isn't that somebody coming? Only a cat. Horrid, little old thing! Now, just listen to the noise it's making, purring away over there in the corner. Here's the door at last. Horrors, what a noise! Ah, safe!"

The rosy little girl who, her companions said, had a never-weary tongue, sat down with a sigh of relief in the circle of shadowy forms gathered around "the box," and looked with a little shudder over at the lantern shaped like a skeleton's head with great, green eyes. "I thought I never would get here," she said, diving her hand down into a box of Huyler's, which stood near her. "We did, too," giggled a little maid who was working bravely away on a turkey-bone, on the other side of the impromptu table. "We thought you had fallen by the wayside," and again she giggled immoderately. "Indeed we did, dear," the hostess—a small, sprightly brunette, smiled pleasantly,



"and now, while you are finishing that part of the programme, as we have all done our best in that direction, suppose we begin the tales. Wait a minute! Sh-h-h—listen! All right, go on, Bess."

She of the irrepressible giggle, immediately relinquished the turkey-bone and obediently began her story. It was a weird, wild one, punctuated with little hysterical laughs, and by the time she was through, "the box" had been pushed back, and the girls were huddled up close together. The candle over in the skeleton's head was flickering and burning low. So, the tales went around—each time the terror increasing, each time the candle burning lower. At last, it was the hostess' time, and the girls' eyes grew wide, for she was a locally renowned story-teller, and her voice was of that vibrant, contralto quality that could well adapt itself to the weird and uncanny.

"Several years ago," she began, "while at school in a neighboring State, I was asked to join a secret society, and the night for my initiation was appointed. When it came, it was a fearful night, with the wind all whistling around the corners of the house, and then, moaning itself away in the tree-tops. The hour appointed was twelve, and until that time, I lay in bed alternately listening and praying. At last, however, I heard the old cathedral clock begin to strike in its deep, rich tone, and just as it finished striking, my door opened noiselessly, a tall, masked form glided in, and taking me by the hand, led me, without a word, into the blackness of the hallway without. I shuddered with fright. Down the hall we crept, my companion every now and then uttering a low groan, which seemed to be answered invariably by a muffled sound from the direction in which we were going. At last, we stopped before a door, the very mention of which was enough to fill any girl in school with terror. It was a room unused for years, save for odd pieces of very old furniture, and such rubbish—it was the awful 'haunted chamber.' As we approached, the door swung slowly open, and, oh, girls, imagine my horror when—"

Suddenly, the room was enveloped in darkness. Shrieks? Almost immediately a peremptory voice demanded admittance, and five minutes later, the perfect quiet of the building was undisturbed save by the cat, peacefully purring in the hallway.

III.

ON OUR CAMPUS MARTIUS.

"All my men come on. Around the track once before we begin!" and the captain, a tall, angular girl, with a firm step that tallied well with her strong mouth and eye, started briskly around the

track, followed by eight girls, some in Hollins green and gold—some in the blue and white of their side. After a steady trot of about fifty yards, one plump creature with a little laugh of defeat, dropped from the ranks, and then the other side, in red and white, started in where the first had begun. For several minutes nothing was heard but the regular beat, beat of their feet on the firm earth, and their heavy breathing. At last, the rest having dropped out here and there on the way, the captain of the second team alone held out to the end, and then fell over, panting, heated, triumphant, on the grass. A rest of five minutes and then, having heard the call to "get to your places," they scattered off in twos to right and left, and the game was called.

Up goes the ball, there is a moment of uncertainty, and then—there it goes, straight up toward the "blue-and-white goal." The goal-keeper gets it and tries for the basket, but her opponent is too much for her, and in an instant, the ball is flying high over the heads of the girls back toward the center. There a "red-and-white girl" gets possession of it, and starts running, bouncing it at every step, to the goal. The blue-and-whites get excited. "Run into her, Mary." "Put a stop to that little game over there, Charles," and other such exhortations are screamed wildly at the players in that end of the field, while the others look as if they will die of impatience if they can't come to the rescue of that ball. Presently, some one does run into her, but she is too quick for her attack, and sends the ball straight toward her goal-keeper. For once in her life the goal-keeper is careless, and an opponent, rushing in before her, catches the ball, gives it a powerful sweep across the field, and lands it in the ditch outside. Naturally, a rush ensues, one enthusiastic little player is heedless of her limits, and the umpire calls "a foul for the blue-and-whites!" There are frownings, and mutterings, and covert remarks of "It isn't fair!" or, "She forgot," from all parts of the field, but the umpire is firm, and the girls gather around the triumphant goal. At the first throw, the ball misses, but, luckily, it falls into the goal-keeper's hands again, and the second time, it hits the rim of the frame, rebounds a little, settles against the edge of the basket, and then drops in.

The applause from the blue-and-whites is almost deafening, while one of the most enthusiastic lookers-on, inspired by the triumph of the moment, shouts hoarsely,

"Blue and white, it's all right!
Vive la, vive la, blue and white!"

The game is not near complete, two more points being required to make the victory a perfect one, but from the house, an unwell-

come bell rings hoarsely, and the girls—laughing, happy, tired, troop up to their rooms.

And so, the days pass on at Hollins—days of pleasure, days of labor, days of delightful intercourse with those who are most congenial. One day, a shadow falls across the life of one of our comrades—it darkens the lives of us all; one day, a special joy comes into some heart—we all laugh, in sympathy.

The days pass on, one day (in the main), a likeness of the other, with no special differences, no marked peculiarities; but they impress upon our hearts pictures which somewhere, far down in the dim vista of the coming years, we will unfold, and pore upon, and yearn over.

SUCERNA SMYTHE.



SECOND FLOOR, MAIN BUILDING.

[AFTER RILEY.]

Good girls lives on second floor,
Lawzy ! but we 're good !
Tell you all about us, eh ?
Surely wish I could !
We ain't so very pretty, but
They say we 've got the style,
And all the rest o' folks is drapped
Behind the times a mile.
But these here girls on second floor
Is mighty good you 'll 'low,
And the little things we do
Ain't worth the count, no how !
We don't do nothing but run about
And up and down and in and out,
And whoop and yell and sweetly call
To all who pass along the hall.
And when the bell rings ten at night,
We skips about with all our might,
And takes our things and goes to play
With other girls across the way,—
And this is very good, you see,
Because those girls might lonesome be.
And many times we skips upstairs
And down, when we have said our prayers,
And takes with us our chafing-dish
And little things as we may wish,
Like cups and plates and eggs and ham
And crackers, olives, pickles, jam,—
And this is very good, you see,
Because our friends might hungry be !
And oh ! we runs across the "snake"
When's dark enough to make you quake,
And when behind most every post
I vow we see a real live ghost,—
But this is brave and swell, you see,
Never of nothin' 'fraid to be !
And nights when the moon is dim and pale,
We walks on the bridge and tells a tale,—

And this is very good, you see,
Because that moon might lonesome be !
And then, the cutest thing of all,—
We have a telephone and call,
And Charlesie tells Virginia when
To "skip" away and back again ;
And sometimes when we drinks much tea,
We can't tell where our rooms may be,
And Ida finds by morning light,
With Isabel she 's spent the night,
And Anna, when she 's waked real well,
Has refugee with Mary Shell.
Now, Nona, Nita, "Sairy" Brice,
Are awful stiff but awful nice,
And with their stately tread and name
They adds much glory to our fame.
And Mattie Ayer and Alvis Peete
Are lovely as their names are sweet,
They make an awful lot o' noise
And seems right fond of *certain* boys,
But they are equal to the best,
And does their duty like the rest
Now this is why, we always tell,
We never play before light bell,
Because we have our work to do
Like reading French, and Latin, too,
In Building East or Building West,
Wherever we may do it best ;
And nothing would persuade us to
Skip a class as others do,
Unless we failed the bell to hear
And did not know the time was near,
Or failed for reasons very good,
To get our lessons as we should.
And all the time we run and play,
More by night, a heap by day,
And run and shout and ist have fun
And this is all we 've ever done.
The lady what sees after us
Is ist a little stout,
And rocks and rocks and stirs her tea
And never finds us out !
Yes, lawzy me ! the girls is good,
'At lives on second, Main,
Hope to goodness I can get
To live up here again.

AT THE DANCE.

Just a strain of dreamy music
Brings a vision fair before me,
And a vague, delicious magic
Seems to weave its fetters o'er me.

And within its charmèd thraldom,
Once again I feel the sweetness
Of your presence—time has proved it—
That for me held Life's completeness!

Once again I live all over,
To that tune we meet and sever,
With your hand in mine, O, fair one,
Would that we might glide forever!

Did you never guess my secret—
Know I learned to love you madly,
As we slowly waltzed together?
Hark, the music sinks half sadly!

Had you ever known I loved you—
Now 't is vain I wonder whether—
Could you e'er have learned to love me,
Had our lives been cast together?

Foolish fancies, wild chimeras!
Wilder still, when I remember,
That was in life's early summer,
Now 't is dreary, bleak December!

Dies the music, fades the vision,
But their memory fades, ah, never!
And your face and that weird music,
In my heart remain forever!



Dr. A. T. L. KUSIAN, PROFESSOR OF MODERN LANGUAGES.

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R. M. F. Co.
Roanoke, Va.

THE FACULTY.

When I know people and love them, too, I want to talk about them, and I love to hear other people talk about them. You old Hollins girls who, we hope, have turned over with interest these SPINSTER pages, will not mind having a chat about those whom you used to love, except at examination time, and whom you now love altogether. I am afraid it will be a one-sided chat, though. Will you excuse me if I do all the talking? I hate awful pauses, and it will be rather hard for you to respond; so I am not going to wait for your reply, but say my say. A word to you who are not Hollins girls: Following Uncle Billy's example, I am going to call you "Ceteri." Now, Ceteri, let me tell you something; this is not written for you. Of course, there are no state secrets divulged here, and you are welcome to read just as much as you can without dying of fatigue, "perishing to death," as some people say; but I am your friend, and as such warn you candidly not to read this. It will be about as interesting as when two persons in the room know something all to themselves, and persist in talking about it.

"Don't you remember what I said?"

"That last thing?"

"No; the other thing."

"Which other thing? About her?"

"About what he said about her."

Then these two people will wonder why you can't join in their laugh. That will be the result if you, dear Ceteri, do not take my advice.

Now, girls—for Hollins girls only are hearing the rest of this—we must at the beginning tell you of the changes this year has brought. If you were to pay us a visit, Miss Parkinson would meet you at the steps, and when you go into Mrs. Childs's little office, at the right of the door, you will find it presided over by a tall, graceful lady, with the sweetest face and the gentlest manners in the world. We have periodical meetings with her in the chapel at four in the afternoon, or right after breakfast Saturday morning, when

any new pupils who may have come in since the last meeting, are assigned their seats, and the rest of us are instructed in "The Art of Living."

Here is the advantage in doing all the talking: If I let you say anything, you would be sure to ask me which of our lady principals we liked best, and I could not tell you. To know Miss Parkinson is just to love and admire her, while we can never forget dear Mrs. Childs's gentle, motherly ways and kind thoughts of us.

Miss Georgia is supplanted on the third floor by Mrs. Kone, who reminds us of a hen rushing around among her brood, always so loving and thoughtful, the herald of clean counterpanes and pillow cases.

Mr. Barnwell and Mr. Whitescarver have gone, too, and have left in their places Dr. McBryde and Mr. Estes Cocke, our beloved principal's grandson. I would tell you a secret if I were not afraid some Ceterus—a—um, would hear. Believe I'll run the risk. Rumor says they are darlings. Though if you were to ask Mr. McBryde, he would say "Yes," following it up by a negative, explaining that they are only friends. Whereupon, Mr. Cocke will explain the difference between friends and darlings as he did between positive and negative quantities in his Intermediate Algebra Class: "A negative quantity is just exactly the same as a positive—just exactly, except that it means just the opposite." Mr. Cocke's Senior Mathematical Class says that he has a most exasperating way of saying "simply," that makes you tremble and fail from the very awe-inspiring simplicity. When he hurls forth his "simply draw," the easiest figure seems the hardest, and you stand in motionless horror. When he observes that you should "simply 'sume the soblem prolved,'" you rack your brains to see how in the world you can assume anything solved in connection with such a problem. If you "had it at your finger's end," it would be different. Does any one know why Mr. Cocke did not make his appearance at Senior Mathematical Class the Friday after the Christmas holidays? It is said of a girl who was here last year, that, when somebody remarked to her that she had gone into her room, and found her in the arms of Morpheus, she immediately returned, with all the sternness of offended dignity, "I don't know any one by the name of Morpheus, and if I did I would not be in his arms." I wonder if Mr. Cocke has met any one by that name. But this is nonsense; he would not have been in his arms.

To know Mr. McBryde in his glory, you should see him on his pulpit in the little recitation room in the west building in front of the blackboard. You must know that the whole length of the room is a little platform, not more than two feet wide, except at the end

near the window, where it is broad enough for a chair. In front of this platform is the most remarkable species of reading desk you ever saw. We take pleasure in saying that our professor shows no lazy tendencies; for he never sits down—always standing in the same place, with his elbows resting in just the same way, on this queer little desk. The Junior Literary girls always associate this spectacle with Irving; for so long and so fondly did this class pore over the works of the great ambassador, that Irving became a second nature with Mr. McBryde, to such an extent that one of his pupils accidentally addressed him as Mr. Irving. When we took up Cooper, it was hard for our teacher to lay aside his former customs; and one of the girls insists that she will always speak of Mr. Ir—Cooper's works.

There is a certain quotation pertaining to the substitution of lemon juice for ink, very familiar to the Senior Literary girls. I would take pleasure in quoting it for you, although you have, no doubt, heard it, except that in so doing, I should run the risk of being excluded from the E—Society, and losing all my friends. One thing we can not leave unsaid about Mr. McBryde is his extreme fondness for Lemon.

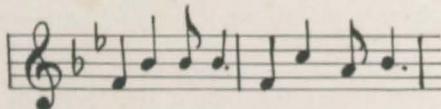
Now, before we pass on from our "Minnie and Mary," we may cite as illustrative of their different dispositions the way in which Mr. Cocke and Mr. McBryde respectively remove cats from the room. At the advent of a pretty white kitten in Intermediate Mathematical Class, our instructor did "this-a-way;" he lifted it up by the back of its neck, and, opening the door, let it fall from a height of some five feet. Mr. McBryde, on the other hand, takes *grimalkin*—I hope you will observe my efforts to be poetical—into his arms, and, stroking the glossy fur, slowly advances towards the door. There he carefully and tenderly deposits his charge, and proceeds with his class.

Dr. Kusian needs no description to Hollins girls—girls who have struggled with French compositions, trying to reconcile the statement, "tot, which iss not clear iss not French." "To be or not to be, tot's de quesshun," "As he wass my friend, I killed him," and "Observe, tot iss not French," come over us now; and there is a vague indefinite sort of idea of "falling in love at three o'clock," and wine merchants wearing red waists. But who is there who does not love Doctor Kusian, and always listen to him with an "armed chair," as he translated "air charmée" the other day.

While over at the east building, suppose we go over some of Uncle Billy's "characteristics." In your imagination are you not struggling with some difficult construction in indirect speech, accompanied by the dulcet strains of Dr. Harry's violin in the ad-

joining room, and encouraged by the frequent repeated, " Hein? I don't understand you." I don't know which picture of Uncle Billy is more exact, when he is out among his flowers in the summer, or the picture he presents on cold winter days, when we see him walking up and down on the gallery, his hat pulled down over his face, his old gray army cloak, lined with red, thrown over his shoulders, and wreaths of smoke encircling his head. Have you ever passed his room after supper, and, looking through the window, seen him hard at work studying out a game of chess?

Miss Mary has lately taken to riding a bicycle, and they say she is learning to play tennis, too. Once this winter Mr. Fisher was absent from Chapel, and Miss Pleasants being for the time in charge of the organ, filled our souls with bliss by the march she played. It went something like this:

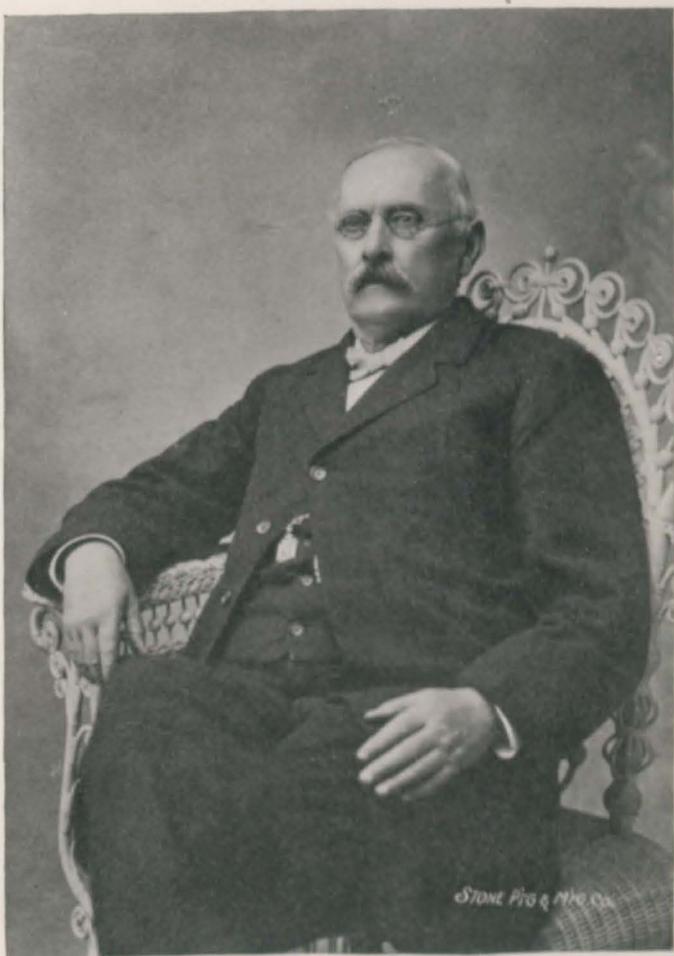


We pupils were wreathed in smiles, although such strains were strangely inharmonious with the character of Spinsters; and the teachers were about as much surprised as once upon a time Miss Mary herself had been at the appearance (or "apparition" Dr. Kusian would say) of "Mr. A. Flat."

Miss Agnes. At the mention of that name, does not a frightful picture of history diagrams come into your mind, with the appalling thought that they are not " accurate ? " To girls who do not study history it is very amusing to watch the eager countenances at the breakfast table, to see necks craning to catch a glimpse of a certain table very near the middle of the dining-room, and to hear girls who can't see that part of the room, say, in an undertone, " Has Miss Agnes come down ? " If Miss Agnes does not make her appearance, and the report is spread that she is sick, you hear some girl, looking steadily into her plate until she can assume a more serious countenance, observe that she hopes Miss Agnes is not very sick, but—" Oh, I am so glad we are not going to have history. I don't know it at all."

Mr. Fisher might fitly be termed the " gentleman of the athletic eyebrows." Was he ever sarcastic with you ? Mr. Fisher is one of the people of whom it can be said :

" When he is good, he is very, very good ;
But when he is bad, he is horrid."



PROFESSOR WILLIAM H. PLEASANTS.

I don't know whether that last word would stand the test with our musical director at "'Ollins Hinstitute," who might find it to be originally intended for "'orrid." But Mr. Fisher's wit, instead of putting us in awe of him, makes us admire him the more, and I can think of no officer who has more friends among the students.

As Mr. McBryde is in his glory at his little pulpit, so "Meester Feecher" must be seen in his chair in the pulpit Sunday nights, peacefully and sweetly slumbering the sermon through.

Mr. Irsay. Have you seen his hat? If any of my friends visiting Hollins were to send a telegram to me, "I came, I saw, I laughed," I should know what they had seen—that funny, slick, silky, green hat, turned down in the front and up in the back, with that semi-circular feather sticking up just like a miniature turkey's tail. His pupils say he has an atomizer in his desk; and, as a reward for unusually good playing on their part, they, the piano and other articles of furniture are generously sprinkled with cologne that must be foreign; we have never seen anything like it here.

We are sorry for Mr. Irsay, having to deal with the English language and wayward girls at the same time; and would like to say just here, that, if we ever try to teach where the English language is not spoken, we hope we can make overselves understood in that language as well as Mr. Irsay does in ours, and still keep our tempers as splendidly undisturbed as his.

Miss Marian Bayne is just the same as ever, with the same bright, cordial face, the same measured tread, the same precision in every movement, every word—altogether pleasant, except the unmistakable suggestion of red ink, that we can never get rid of.

Miss Hurt has intermediate Latin this year, and is still at work impressing on the youthful mind, the "Doctrine of Indirect Speech." There is a saying in "Corks and Curls":

"If you want to make B. L.,
Laugh ye, laugh ye, long and well
At the jokes professors tell."

We must say that an undue desire to "make B. L." has nothing in the world to do with the reception of Miss Hurt's jokes. No such mercenary design could bring forth the titter caused by the startling statement that "Catiline sat on the fire in the twelve most favorable places."

Mrs. Wells, with her gentle, refined ways and musical voice, comes before us. We can see her smile in answer to our applause at the announcement of "Angus McDonald;" we see her standing

there so modest and attractive, her dark red dress adorned with red and white carnations; and we wonder if it is that beautiful voice alone that draws us to Mrs. Wells, that makes us love her so: "For a Spinster can love when there 's nobody by."

It is Miss Thalia we think of as playing her accompaniments, but Miss Thalia's kingdom is her hall after Chapel at night, as she goes from room to room, "All in, girls?" And when she *does* find more in a certain room than belong there, none of us can doubt the sincerity of her sorrow, when, in sending them to their rooms, we hear her say, "I *do* hope I sha'n't have to keep people from doing what they want to *all* my life!" Dear Miss Thalia always so kind and sympathetic, with all her aversion to looking behind screens and in wardrobes.

I wonder if I have waited long enough after talking about Miss Marian to mention Miss Mattie Cocke's name. You see they are very sensitive about being teased as darlings; and, if they are put anywhere near each other, they will think that some insinuation is intended. But now they can not possibly have any grounds for suspicion. We are simply speaking of Miss Mattie now, Miss Mattie, who every school morning, from nine to ten, reigns supreme in the office, standing with big account book in hand dealing out pens, ink, books and paper to the girls who surround her. That makes one think of Jerome K. Jerome's description of French exercises:

"Has your uncle pens, ink and paper? My uncle has neither pens, ink nor paper; but the child of my gardener has some flowers."

Miss Murdock has as much sorrow at her charcoal-covered hands as she has delight in lavender ribbons. She was never known to wear a ribbon that had not some tint of purple—whether it was the deepest royal purple or the most delicate lavender. In her studio, however, the lavender ribbons are hidden under that big brown checkered apron; and it is there that she is always urging promptness and struggling with Italian names.

Miss Weaver and Miss Gormley are inseparable in our minds, at physical culture hour. Miss Weaver often plays for the drill. But, when we can't make the movements come in with the music, what a familiar scene it is to see Miss Gormley press her hand to her forehead in quite a dramatical style, saying, "A little slower!" But when that is even worse, she will want it a little faster. Finding that one is as bad as the other, she comes to the conclusion that waltz time will not do.

If we are to talk about people in pairs, we can not separate Miss Rudd and Mabel Simms; they are just like cup and saucer, this aunt and niece. It is a common sight to see them start out walking in the afternoon, so much alike, so loving, smiling such a

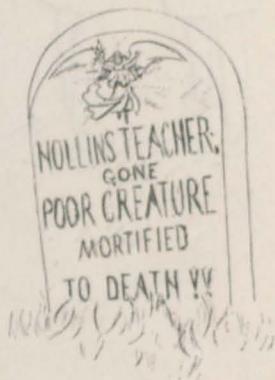


Mrs. E. S. CHILDS.



THE UNTIMELY FATE OF A HOLLINS TEACHER.

Teacher prudent,
Meets a student,
Skipping out at night;
Says teacher prudent
To the student,
"Oh, this isn't right!"
Says the student
To teacher prudent,
"Better save your breath!"





EUZELIAN SOCIETY.

The Stone Printing Co. N.Y. Co.
Rome, N.Y.

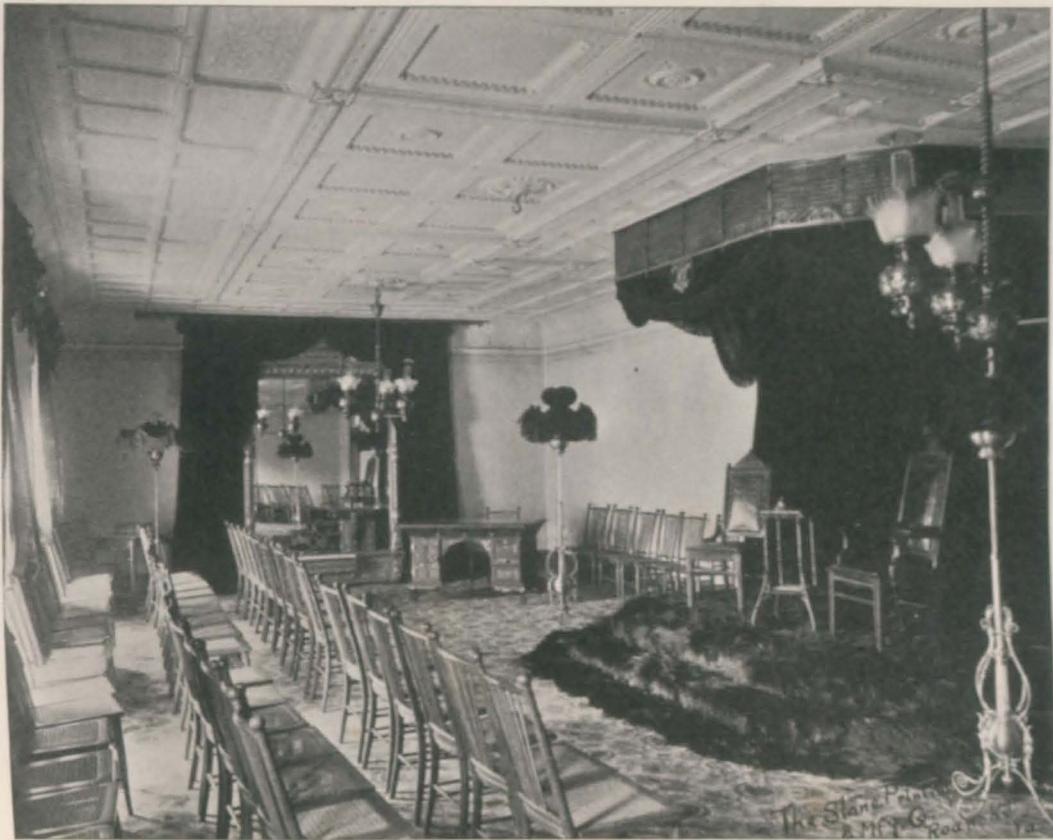


EUZELIAN SOCIETY HALL.



EUPHONIAN SOCIETY.

*The Stone Porters
A. M. & Co., Publishers.*



EUPIAN SOCIETY HALL.



SOCIETY.



We all know that the Euzelian and Eupian societies met for reorganization on the first Friday night of the session; that "a faithful few" were present; that they made up in zeal and enthusiasm what they lacked in numbers; that Miss — and Miss — were elected presidents of their respective societies; that the societies rapidly increased in membership. We know all these facts and many more equally as dry and uninteresting. So I am going to jes' kinder talk along"—as I heard a Virginia mammy say on one occasion, and not attempt to tell you anything at all.

"What society are you going to join?" "You don't know? Well—that's right—don't you be in too big a hurry about deciding; just wait and look around you, and then decide! Oh, I do hope you will join ours! We have such a nice crowd of girls and they all take so much interest in the society. Y-e-e-s-s the other society is very good, too, but then they always 'rush' the new girls so. *We* never do any rushing. We let them decide for themselves, and if they decide to join ours—why, of course, we are very glad to have them. But then the other society does not—but I will not say that. I wouldn't say anything against them for the world, because they are always telling the new girls that we talk about them and run them down. Of course, we do not do anything of the kind—do you think we do? Of course you don't—nobody with any sense would ever say such a thing. Those girls make me tired; they



think themselves so smart; and they certainly do hold their heads high!" (After a brief breathing spell.) "And they think their hall is the prettier—now don't you think ours is much prettier? I know you do! What?—the idea! Don't know what society *ours* is! Why, of course, that's the one! Now, I know you are going to join our society—you will just suit, I am sure—and so many of the girls have said how much they liked you. Don't you let those other girls get a hold of you and pull you in; they'll do it if they get half a chance. Now, good-bye—say, will you walk with me after dinner? Oh, I'm so sorry you have another engagement; but you will go to Chapel with me to-night, won't you? Well, good-bye until them. Remember what I said—if they try to rush you in, I'll protect you."

Perhaps, my kind or unkind reader, you wonder what the above means. If you are wondering, you are not a society member, for if you were, you would recognize it. You heard many such before you joined your society, you have used many such since you joined—that is, if you are at all interested in your society. You know exactly who is doing the talking, and you know exactly who is making the meek little responses—so meek, indeed, that it was not deemed necessary to record them. Now, didn't you take that nice looking girl—who happened to know some friends of yours, and who wore *such nice* clothes—and give her just such a talk; and didn't you walk her on the bridge for two hours; and didn't you go to Chapel with her every night for a week; and didn't you tell her all the nice things that *so many* of the girls said about her; and didn't you compliment her on the material, the fit and the number of her beautiful dresses, until the girl became, in her own estimation, a second Queen Elizabeth; and didn't you invite her to your midnight feast—she was the only new girl there, and you took care that she should know this *insignificant* fact—didn't you? Of course the young lady was very much pleased and flattered at your attentions; of course, she thought you were just as nice as you could be, and so sensible (she said to herself that *she* never could stand flattery, it was so foolish; and that you were so sensible and had such good taste!) You all were mighty good friends for—let me see—she joined the third Friday night—why, for a whole month you all were the very best of friends, weren't you? Well, these thoughts and many others passed through the mind of our friend of the meek responses. She showed her new found friend all of her photographs

 and she gave her almost half of her Huyler's candy (we Hollins girls always *call it* Huyler's when we write), and it is Huyler's sometimes, e. g., when we have succeeded in getting one of those very convenient articles

known to the sex as a "candy beau" on the string. When we are not lucky in this respect we make chocolate caramels and hope for better times.) You see the friend has "just dropped in" before dinner to see how her protege was getting along, and, of course, she was very much interested in the photographs—and the candy. Yes; this little visit so kindly thoughtful, just fixed it all. She (the meek one) said to herself: "I'll tell her this very night, I know she'll be glad, and—those other girls who are so anxious for me will be so glad, too, and—oh, I wonder what the initiation will be like! My, how scared I'll be—etc., etc. Thus she thinks and thinks, and decides and decides, and when the time comes for her walk with the other friend after dinner, she has decided just exactly what she will say, and when she will say it.

* * * Well. * * * She changed her mind! Let us not criticise her—she only made use of her God-given right. Historians may talk of "the wisest fool in Christendom," and of his most unfortunate son, Charles I, and of their "divine right to rule"—the combined "divine rights" of all the Stuarts is not to be compared with the divine right of women to change their minds! But this young lady *actually* had an excellent reason for changing her mind—"that girl" was so very attentive to her after dinner. She seemed to understand her so well, and they became "chummy" at once. It is true she heard just exactly what she had heard before, but this time a member of the other society was talking; and it was so nice to hear what all the members of the other society thought of her, and that they all wanted her to join. It was so nice to hear from other girls how very sweet she was, how nicely her skirt hung, and what beautiful eyes she had. Yes; this young lady was meek no longer, she soon learned to appreciate herself as she had never done before—and for a whole week she was deciding which of the two societies she would give the pleasure and the honor of calling her a member! The great decision is finally reached and some one in the favored society gets up and announces that she "has the pleasure of bringing in the name of Miss ——." Yes; she becomes a member, but does she retain the same exalted opinion of herself? Well, I should think not! In a new girl we will stand it for a week, a fortnight—indeed, for a month, in rare cases—for we all understand the circumstances. The meekness, it is true, never returns, but the conceit disappears. Oh, yes; there are exceptions, of course. You know there are hopeless cases everywhere.

But let us go back to the subject. Perhaps you may beg to differ from me—or differ without the formality of begging—when I say that things are just as they should be. Tell me what's the use



of standing back and looking modest—waiting to be recognized, as it were? You know just how it is in the world; and we Hollins girls have a little world of our own—small—exceedingly small, it is true—but, nevertheless, a *world*. Who ever heard of standing back and waiting. Why in the world—big, middle-size, or little—it is everyone for him—excuse me—her- self, etc. Now, can we girls be blamed for blowing our own horns, when we know that if we do not blow them, they will remain as silent as the unprepared pupil on Monday morning?

Of course, both societies are the best; of course, the members of the other society do all the rushing; of course, decidedly the nicest girls in school belong to both societies; of course, of course, of course, both societies are *everything* that their enthusiastic members say they are! Why, if this were not the case, there would be no societies! I say, let the matter stand as it is, for just so soon as one society decides to rest on its oars, just so soon it is going to drift down stream—there is no drifting up stream! The societies at Hollins well maintain the high position they hold. They constitute the feature of the social and literary life. Take them away and a void is left that nothing can fill.

You will see, if you will come to one of our meetings, that we are all that we say we are. Our meetings are held in our own handsomely furnished and altogether attractive halls. What matter it if I think one hall the prettier and you think the other? Our programmes are interesting and instructive; and our plays are always good—of course, you know that yours was decidedly better than ours, but I am even with you, for I know that ours was decidedly better than yours. We certainly do look nice in our Oxford caps and gowns, although I do keep my tassel on one side of the cap, while you keep yours on the other. I say hurrah for my society, and if you do not say hurrah for yours—why you are not worthy to wear its badge.

ELIZA JOSEPHINE RANSOM.



52

W

HEN alone and fatigued, when the gray shadows form,
When the sun sheds a glow, and the sky 's free from storm,
Oh, how restful the thoughts that frail fancy doth weave,
To the mind of the trav'ler, who journeys at eve!

Yea, the torrents and cañons may fill him with awe,
More pleasing than these, than the cataract's roar,
Is the sight of a small ruined house by the way,
Where the moss-covered stones undisturbedly lay.

Such a dwelling as this, all o'ergrown with wild vines,
With its half-fallen walls, and irregular lines,
When 't is seen just at dusk, is a soul-soothing balm,
And the wanderer raises his voice in a Psalm.

SOPHIA LUCRETIA QUINCY.



THE STORY OF A MANUSCRIPT.

So here I am on a publisher's desk once more. Well, I wonder what is to become of me this time. I have seen a good deal of the world and I think it is time I was settling down in life. "A rolling stone gathers no moss," and a traveling manuscript seems to gather nothing better than finger prints and blue penciling.

Ten years ago I was a roll of clean white paper on a table in a boy's bed-room. It was a queer sort of a room, with books and papers in disorder, but there were two things that were always kept in place. One was a great bow of orange and white ribbon that I heard somebody call "foot-ball colors." It was pinned against the red drapery of the mantel and looked anything but artistic, I thought, but it must have been very valuable, for one day when somebody took it down, the boy brought it back and pinned it up so carefully, and his face looked like a thunder cloud. The other thing that was always kept carefully dusted, was a picture on the bureau. It was a pretty picture of a young girl with such dancing eyes that you could not help but love her. I think she must have been the boy's sister, for he used to handle the picture as tenderly as he did the foot-ball colors. Well, one night, he came into the room and looked at the picture a long time, and then he sat down at the table, put me and a bottle of ink and a pen before him and after looking at the yellow and white ribbons for a long time he began to write. I have often wondered what it was he wrote upon me, but I have never been able to read it all. I have read other manuscripts, and have even heard parts of myself read, but how should I know all of my own character? I believe in Socrates' motto, "know thyself," and would like to live up to it, but I think Mr. Socrates made a mistake by not telling us how we were to learn to know ourselves. I suppose it is easy enough for *people* to read what is written on their faces and in their lives, but it is almost too much for a manuscript. So I can not tell you what it was the boy wrote; but the next night he wrapped me up, oh, so carefully, and carried me out of the queer room.

When I was unwrapped I did not see the boy nor the queer room. I found myself in the hands of the pretty girl with the dancing eyes. As she unrolled me, I looked around and saw that I was in a cosy little parlor with a grand piano, a pretty lamp, and pictures and books. The girl sat down in a low chair before the fire and began to read me; and as she read, her eyes danced more than ever, and her lips smiled till she was prettier than the picture. When



"The girl sat down in a low chair before the fire and began to read."

she was through reading, she leaned back in the chair and laughed. I wondered what she could be laughing about. I was sure the boy didn't mean me to be so funny. After a while she stopped laughing, picked me up again and put my rustling pages together; then her hands fell into her lap and the tears came into her eyes as she said: "Poor boy, I wonder if it will take him more than six months to get over it. Does he really think anybody would publish his poor little love story?"

Then she laughed softly and wrapped me up again. Some time afterward, she gave me back to the boy one night after they had talked a long time. He took me from her, snatched his hat, and went hurriedly out into the street. It was a cold night, and the wind swept swiftly around the corners. I wondered where the boy was going. Part of my wrapper was torn off and I could see how the streets got narrower and narrower and darker and darker. After a while we came to the bank of a river. I could hear the black waters rolling beneath me and I wondered what was going to happen next. I heard the town clock strike twelve and saw the boy start and listen. Then he leaned far over the rushing water, and I trembled, but just as I began to fear that we should both fall in, he drew back and I heard him say: "Ugh, but that water must be cold!" He stood still for a minute; then he turned on his heel and walked swiftly home.

When we got back to the queer little room, he sat down and wrote a letter. Then he put me and the letter in a big envelope and I heard him say tragically as he pasted a row of stamps on the wrapper: "When I am a great novelist she will see what a chance she has missed!"

Then I remember that I was moved from one place to another a great many times, and at last I was opened in a great printer's office. A big, cross man read a page or two of me and then said impatiently: "Oh, bosh, how can people write such trash?" He looked inside of the envelope. "The idiot didn't even send stamps for a return! But there'll be the mischief to pay if it's lost, so I'll put it away." Then he put me into a drawer and I stayed there, until one day a younger man picked me up, read part of my story, and laughed. "Poor boy," he said, "it went hard with him evidently." Presently, he put me once more into an envelope and sent me away. When I came back to the queer little room again, the boy and the foot-ball colors were still there, but the picture was gone and in its place there was another one. I remembered what the pretty girl with the dancing eyes had said, and wondered if it had taken "the poor boy more than six months to get over it," whatever it was.

Well, he looked me over and changed words in some places and sent me away again. Then I kept traveling backward and forward from one printing-house to another. At last, one day, I came to a room where a man used to sit and write all day. It wasn't a printing-office, but there were a great many books and papers scattered around and I heard them talk a great deal about printing, and publishers, and proof-sheets. I think they called the man that wrote, an author, and he used to get a great deal of money. When I came

to him, he looked at me and threw me into a drawer. After a long time the author stopped coming into the room, and the house was kept very dark and quiet. At last, two or three men came into the room and looked through the desk and in every drawer. They said they were looking for "posthumous papers." When they found me they seemed very glad and they took me to a printing-house and sold me for a great deal of money. When I was unwrapped, I saw the same big, cross man to whom I had first been sent; but this time he did not laugh nor call me "bosh," but read me over very carefully. Then he took a big sheet of paper and I saw him write this:

"We can, this month, give to our readers a literary treat. Among the papers of the late lamented Mr. ——, whom the world delighted to honor and whose works are valuable treasures to the literary world, has been found a short story which was probably his latest production. With great trouble and expense we have secured this story and this month present it to our readers. A thoughtful critic can readily see in this, the same deep thought, the same careful analysis of character, the same maturity of mind which has characterized all this writer's works; but this, his latest and best, possesses each of these characteristics in a more marked degree than any before, and we feel sure that this story is destined to be the capstone on the pinnacle of his fame. It is as you will observe, signed with a fictitious name, but the strokes of genius in it leave no room for doubt that it is the work of the master hand of Mr. ——."

Then the big, cross man gave me and this paper which he had written, to a printer and said to him:

"Set up the type and put this in as the first article of next month's magazine."

So I am to be published at last. I knew I ought to have been long ago, but I suppose the publisher didn't have room for me.

DOROTHY DUNLAP.



THE PADRE'S CURSE.

About the beginning of the eighteenth century, there stood among the foothills of Western Texas a sturdy adobe structure built by a band of Spanish priests, a fort and a convent in one—the mission of Santa Juanna. I saw it but a few years since, a crumbled heap, all overrun with tangled vines and green with moss. In answer to my inquiries, my peon guide told me in connection with its past, the story, which I here reproduce.

It was a night during the late summer, and one of the storms so frequent at that season, was shrieking and crashing in a perfect fury. Within the walls of the Santa Juanna a scene well in keeping with the tempest outside, was being enacted. Before Padre Fernando, the priest in charge, stood a man and a woman, arraigned as if for trial. Were they guilty? If to love with all the intensity of Southern passion be guilt, the answer is "Yes; guilty," for they loved. Carlos Adacio, a youth reared in the convent, on coming of age, had, instead of taking the vows, as the Padre intended, slipped out of the very arms of the church and declared his intention of wedding Francesca Alvarado, a beautiful girl of the neighboring settlement, whom he had met while she was under the tutelage of the Sisters of Santa Juanna.

Truly, they looked a well-mated couple as they stood; the youth erect and tall, with raised head and manly bearing; the maiden endowed with the beauty of one of old Spain's fairest daughters. This, however, was nothing to Padre Fernando, and he stormed, threatened, invoked, but all in vain. Then raising his hands to heaven, he exclaimed, "Carlos Adacio, as you have forsaken the Holy Church for the love of this woman, may that love be a curse and not a blessing to you! May ye, unhappy pair, ever wander apart, seeking that which ye never find! Begone from these doors, ye accursed! *Yo te maldigo!*"

Carlos Adacio, his face white and his eyes flashing, started forward as if to lay hands on the priest but, controlling himself, he turned, and with the frightened girl clinging to his arm, strode from the room. The great doors closed with a sullen clang, shutting the lovers out into the storm. Miles they wandered in the dizzy down-pour of rain, through arroyos and canyons, lost frightened, and bewildered, Carlos striving to protect Francesca from the beating rain and, speaking words of cheer. But at length, he stopped in horror—Francesca, weary and over-wrought, had sunk to the earth in a faint. Carlos lifted her,



called her name, and chafed her cold hands in an attempt to revive her, but she lay, a dead weight, in his arms. Looking around him in dismay, Carlos saw, or thought he saw, a light flickering in the distance. It might be the settlement or some friendly camp, where they might take refuge. But Francesca? He could not carry her, dare he leave her? Without help she would surely die, and there might be a chance of saving her thus. So, placing her in a sheltered position, behind a giant boulder, he pressed a kiss on her cold lips and hastened toward the light. Brighter it grew before him, and yet brighter, when suddenly it disappeared from sight. Long and eagerly Carlos searched for it, but in vain. Then he tried to return to Francesca, but, worn out and bewildered, he did not know which way to go. He groped his way for a short distance over the rough rocky ground, until at last, wholly exhausted, he stumbled and fell unconscious.

When he came to himself, several hours later, the rain had ceased, the sky was clear, and a rosy dawn was blushing in the east. He hastened to the spot where he had left Francesca, but found no trace of her. In bitter despair, he wandered on and on, calling "Francesca, *queredita!*!" but receiving no answer.

Some months afterward, a band of friendly Indians trading at the post near by, reported that a party of Comanches on one of their recent raids in the neighborhood, had carried off a beautiful "pale-face" maiden, who had pined and drooped and died in the wigwams of her captors. As Francesca was never seen again and as all the frantic searches for her proved futile, this report was accepted as the explanation of her disappearance.

And Carlos? Perhaps ten years later, a band of scouts, passing near the ruins of the Santa Juanna, saw a strange creature—a wild-eyed man, half-clothed in animal skin, and with hair and beard matted and snow-white—rise from behind a boulder, regard them a moment with a fixed, vacant stare, call in



a tone of passionate endearment, "Francesca *queredita!*" and, turning, lose himself from sight in a thicket of *mesquite*.

Those familiar with the story said that it was Carlos Adacio seeking his betrothed. And, still, it is said, does he wander at night around the ruined mission, still under the bane of the Padre's curse, and ever calling the one name, "Francesca!"

SARAH JANE BROWN.



MY TURKEY, 'T IS OF THEE.

(THANKSGIVING SONG.)



Y turkey, 't is of thee,
With sauce and celery,
Of thee I sing!
Fowl who hast nobly died,
A country barnyard's pride,
The sought-for far and wide,
Thanksgiving's king!

I love thee more and more—
(Thy gobbling days are o'er)—
Thy name I love.
I love thy sides so brown,
Thy breast as white as down—
Pray tell me who could frown
On the above?

You last so short a while!
Yet o'er your bones I smile,
Happy, I vow!
You 've helped to break my fast,
Would you could always last;
But, oh, your time is past,
You 're gobbled now!



J T B

"SHERRY" BLOCK "BOOTS" JAMAR "CIG" GALES "TREDDIE" LIPSCOMB "BROWNIE" HELMS "PATTI" MILLS
"VARST'ORNER" "MEDITIVEE" "SHORTY" GAY "SNOOKS" JESTER

Δ T B

Colors : Black and Pink.

Motto : Chjrunhoslet Oufholur nmfrtukjn !!!

Guardian Spirit : Flibbertigibbet.

OFFICERS OF THE GREAT UNCANNY.

Keeper of the Royal Candlesticks, "Boots" Jamar
Grand Maid of Skull and Bones, "Snooks" Jester
Mistress of the Coffins, "Brownie" Helms
Scribe to Flibbertigibbet, "Cig" Gales

MEMBERS.

"Snooks" Jester, Texas, "Meditawee" Hornor, Arkansas,
"Brownie" Helms, Virginia, "Cig" Gales, North Carolina,
"Varst'ornor," Arkansas, "Sherry" Bloch, Arkansas,
"Patti" Mills, Texas, "Shorty" Gay, Virginia,
"Treddie" Lipscomb, Virginia, "Turtle" Gwaltney, Virginia,
"Boots" Jamar, Alabama,

Banquets, on every Saturday, and the final one in
commencement week.

YELL.

Hoo-ra-ree, Hoo-ra-ree !

Who are we but the *Δ T B* ?

Are we in it? Yes, we be !

Rough sports, tough sports, *Δ T B* !!



Δ T B

(TUNE: ALL COONS LOOK ALIKE TO ME.)

You can talk about your coons a-having hot times;
But, my! we have a plenty and to spare;
From the keeper of the candles to the maid of skull and bones,
We are sports, rich, real and rare!
With Snooks and Boots and Toughs and Nig and Brownie,
Turtle, Little Jacks, Short Gay, and Cig—
At the dread and dreary hours of the night-time,
We meet and lead the teachers fond a jig!
Old jolly band, joined heart and hand—
Joined in one for having fun!

CHORUS.

Long life to the Δ T B's,
May they forever increase!
Health to them every one,
Lone bliss and a life of fun!
Stick up to our motto, "Do"!
Old "Flip" does not pleasure subdue,
Then work for, chat for, root for—
Yes, yell for the Δ T B!!

Hco-ra-ree, Hoo-ra-ree! Who are we but the Δ T B?
Are we in it! Yes we be,
Rough sports, tough sports, Δ T B!!



WEST INDIES CLUB.

Favorite Song : . . . "God Save the Queen."

Favorite Dish : . . . Macaroni (the kind that grows in fields).

OFFICERS.

President, MISS ISABELLA SAVILLA HUGGINS.
Vice-President, MISS ISABELLA HUGGINS.
Secretary and Treasurer, MISS I. SAVILLA HUGGINS.

MEMBERS.

MISS I. S. HUGGINS,
ISABELLA HUGGINS,
MISS HUGGINS, NEVIS, WEST INDIES.



The Stone Printing
Co., Pittsfield, Mass.

Y. W. C. A.

Diligent in Business, Fervent in Spirit, Serving the Lord.

OFFICERS, FIRST HALF-SESSION.

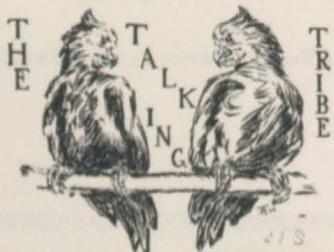
<i>President</i> ,	A. C. GALES
<i>Vice-President</i> ,	FLORENCE KIRVEN
<i>Treasurer</i> ,	ALICE DUGGAR
<i>Secretary</i> ,	MATTIE ALDRICH
<i>Corresponding Secretary</i> ,	NONA DE VOR

OFFICERS, SECOND HALF-SESSION.

<i>President</i> ,	M. S. DRW
<i>Vice-President</i> ,	FRANCES CARTER
<i>Treasurer</i> ,	OTELIA LEE GAY
<i>Secretary</i> ,	VIRGINIA HEPPLIN
<i>Corresponding Secretary</i> ,	FLORENCE KIRVEN

CHAIRMEN OF COMMITTEES.

<i>Finance Committee</i> ,	OTELIA LEE GAY
<i>Lookout Committee</i> ,	S. B. DUNNINGTON
<i>Membership Committee</i> ,	FLORENCE KIRVEN
<i>Rooms Committee</i> ,	GERTRUDE WHITING
<i>Music Committee</i> ,	ETHEL MILLS



Favorite Dish, TONGUE. Colors, BLUE AND BLACK.

Motto: SAY AS MANY THINGS AS YOU CAN, TO AS MANY PEOPLE AS YOU CAN, AS OFTEN AS YOU CAN, AND AS LONG AS EVER YOU CAN.

YELL.

GIGGLE, GABBLE, GOBBLE, GIT!
SILENCE IS GOLDEN, NIT, NIT, NIT!

MEMBERS.

EULA "PAT" JAMAR,	Medalist in Making Conversational Fibs
CARROL VANCE CARTER,	Chief Tongue-Wagger
"BROWNIE" HELMS,	Mistress of Sarcasm*
MATTIE ALDRICH,	Lord High Cracker of Bad Jokes
"HYCRIPOT" ROARK,	Text-book Discussor

*MISS HELMS has since been called upon to resign her membership, as she became too lazy to keep up to the motto.



SEMI-ANNUAL STAFF.

MAUDE DARGAN FORRESTER, E.U.Z., ASSOCIATE EDITOR

SARAH BRICE DUNNINGTON, E.U.Z., SENIOR EDITOR

ZOE SYKES, E.U.P., BUSINESS MANAGER

MARY MOORE KELLER, E.U.Z., ASSOCIATE EDITOR

BLANCHE BROWN, E.U.P., ASSOCIATE EDITOR

ANNA COWAN GALES, E.U.P., ASSOCIATE EDITOR



SANTA CLAUS CLUB.

President, LITTLE DELL STABLER
Hanger of the Hose, BABY FORRESTER
Chief Writer of Letters to Santa Claus, . . . BABY McCANDLISH
Chief Blower of Horns, BABY SCHERR



PERSIMMON CLUB.

Favorite Song, . . . "Dat Big Persimmon Hangin' on de Tree"
Favorite Beverage, Persimmon Cider
Colors, Green and Purple

CHIEF TREE-CLIMBERS.

SARAH "BOSS" DUNNINGTON, MARY SUSAN DEW,
GERTRUDE WHITING.

BAG-HOLDER.

BLANCHIE BROWN.

RULES.

- I.—No person shall become a member of this club who has not yet learned not to swallow the seeds.
- II.—No applicant shall be admitted into this organization who is not an able climber.
- III.—Every member must have a "number one" appetite, and must be possessed of sufficient will-power to *keep her mouth straight* even during the month of September.



The Stone Printing
& Mfg. Co.
Roanoke, Va.

BACHELORETTES.

De VOR GALES DUKE McGOODWIN COCKE



BACHELORETTES.

Motto . . . "PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE."

Colors . . . DRAB AND GRAY.

MEMBERS.

McGOODWIN, Kentucky,	Lord High Chancellor
DE VOR, Texas,	Grand Master
HARMON, Virginia,	Secretary of State
GALES, North Carolina,	Recording Angel
COCKE, Virginia,	Toast Master
DUKE, Virginia,	Lord High Treasurer

RULES.

- I.—No one shall be admitted to this organization who has beautiful eyes or a mobile mouth.
- II.—No member of this body must rush to windows when traps containing male creatures drive up to the school, nor must they even so much as *approach* the said windows with towel or kerchief in hand.
- III.—They must wear their hair parted severely, nor use curling-tongs or kid-curlers.
- IV.—Members must keep up on all the current topics of importance, especially the labor question and the latest cut in bloomers.
- V.—In joining the Bachelorettes, there must be no communication, written or verbal, with any male creature for a month.
- VI.—There shall be no wearing of unnecessary ornaments; specified, solitaire rings.
- VII.—Each member of the society must have a copy of these rules upon her trophy-door.
- VIII.—There must be no use of petty girlish phrases: specified, "certainly," "awfully," and "cute."

TEXAS CLUB.



Colors :

GOLD AND WHITE.

Song :

MY PRAIRIE LAND.

Beverage :

MINT JULEP.

Motto :

WEAR PRETTY SHOON AND
DON'T GET HAUGHTY
OVER BEING A HOLLINS-
TEXAS GIRL.

YELL.

HOOP-LA-ROO !
HOOP-LA-REET !
TEXAS, TEXAS,
HARD TO BEAT !

MEMBERS.

NONA DE VOR,
IDA JESTER,
BLANCHE BROWN,
MARIE JOHNS,
ETHEL MILLS,
HALLIE WESTBROOK,
NELLIE BELT,
ELEANOR DINWIDDIE,
LUCILE WESTBROOK,

VALERIE CAMPBELL,
JENNIE JOHNS,
ELLEN ROBERTS,
LILLIE McFARLANE,
FANNIE MAY DOUGLASS,
JESSEMAL CALLOWAY,
MONA HOUSE,
ELLA FURMAN,
MARY WIMBERLY.



GLEE CLUB.



KODAK AND BLUE PRINT CLUB.

ELIZA CARTER, KATY SCHERR,
CORA NEFF, MARY HORNER,
NELLIE McGOODWIN, HATTY HORNER,
OTELIA GAY, ALVIS PEETE,
MARIA EATON, ELIZABETH PENDLETON,
BESSIE ROBERTS, ELLA FURMAN,
NELLIE DINWIDDIE, FLORENCE KIRVEN,
CHARLSIE HARMON, ETHEL MILLS,
ADELE STABLER, ETHEL WITHERSPOON,
ALICE DUGGER, ROSA COCKE.
JUSTINA BABB,

FASHION AND FEATHERS.

*Motto: MANY HONOR THE AMERICAN EAGLE, BUT
MORE, THE AMERICAN PEACOCK.*

Color teas, French breakfasts, banquets, and receptions are given frequently in the drawing-rooms of the different members.

Excellent music is always furnished. No one will be elected to membership in this society who has not thoroughly digested the most recent books on French and English etiquette.

CHAPERONS.

*Grandpa, A. C. GALES.
Grandma, ETHEL M. WILLIS.
Mrs. Gould, MARY COOPER.*

YOUNGER MEMBERS.

*Miss May Van Benthuyzen, . . . MAUDE G. McCANDLISH.
Miss Lucile Wilson, FANNY PAYNE.
Miss Helen Huntington, MARION W. RAINES.
Miss May Rogers MATTY L. COCKE, JR.
Miss Beatrice Gould, ANNA L. KUSIAN.
Mr. J. J. Gould, E. S. RAINES.
Mr. William Vanderbilt, J. CALLOWAY.
Mr. Vivian Vitmer, L. COCKE.
Mr. Alfred Owen, E. PEARRE.
Mr. James Astor, F. CARTER.
Mr. Cortland Reed, M. MILLS.*



THE BLACK CATS.

*Motto: BLACK NIGHT IS THE TIME FOR DOING A DEED; BLACK
CATS, THE MASCOTS.*

YELL.
BLACK CAT!
SCAT SCAT!!
MEOW!!!

*Librarian of the Bloody Works of Poe, . . CHAS. HARMON
Protector of the Whole Eye, R. PLEASANTS COCKE
Mourner for the Lost Eye, M. CALHOUN EATON
Artist to the Dusky Dignity, M. WOODRUFF KNIGHT*



THE "QUO VADIS" READING ASSOCIATION.

BY-WORD.

"WHERE ARE YOU GOING MY PRETTY MAID?"

RULE.

Strict secrecy, because if a woman keeps a secret, it is pretty sure
to be with telling effect.

DIRECTORS.

MISSES WOODFIN, POOLE, KIRVEN, FORRESTER, GRIMSLY,
FURMAN, AND BUTLER.

THE QUATERNARY SOCIETY.

YELL.

BOW YAWRK ! BOW YAWRK !
Mi-owwww — - !!!!

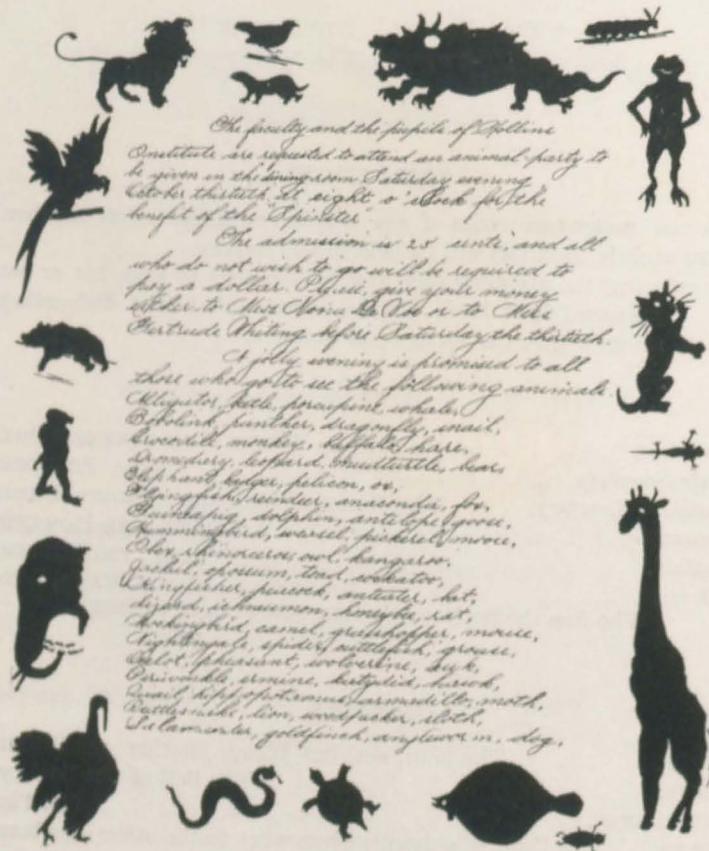
REGULATIONS.

No one under two weeks of age will be considered a full member.
Semi-nightly meetings will be held in fair weather.
On entering the assembly each one is expected to give his or her
password in a loud, distinct voice, and before disbanding
all must give the society yell in unison.

President, WILLIS, THE SCREECH-OWL
Lady Secretary, ROSA PEACOCK
Assistant Secretary, MR. SCRATCH-ME-BALD-HEADED MOUSE
Treasurer, DASH, THE HOWLER
Buffoon, PUCK, THE JESTER
Attorneys, JUDGE CAT AND HIS WARD, LEO
Who sue the Society more than they ought to Dew.

MEMBERS.

KITTY, The Nun, and her Blonde Brother, the Fisher
PUPPY, The Bell of the Society
EVRR EATIN, The Pig
MOLLY, The Cow, who usually gives whey to the other members
BANTAM, The Cocke
TRUDIE, The Goose
JOHNS, The Mule
DOCTOR, The Drake
LIVY, The Ho(a)rse



The faculty and the people of Hollins
Institute are requested to attend an animal party to
be given in the Dining-room Saturday evening
October thirtieth. At eight o'clock p.m.
brought of the "Speaker".

The admission is 25 cents, and all
who do not wish to go will be required to
pay a dollar. Please give your money
either to Miss Anna Deale or to Miss
Charlotte Whiting before Saturday the thirtieth.

A jolly evening is promised to all
those who go to see the following animals:
Alligator, whale, porpoise, whale,
Bobolink, panther, dragonfly, snail,
Boroculus, monkey, rabbit, hare,
Cormorant, leopard, small turtle, bear,
Elephant, beaver, pelican, etc.,
Frigatebird, porpoise, anemone, fox,
Frigatebird, dolphin, ante-bear, grizzly,
Prairie-fowl, wasp, pickerel, moose,
Star, kangaroo, owl, kangaroo,
Jackal, porcupine, trout, seal-hunter,
Lemur, porpoise, antelope, bat,
Sloth, ichneumon, honey-bee, rat,
Kingbird, camel, guillotine, mouse,
Lightning-bolt, spider, mottled fish, grizzly,
Pheasant, porcupine, bat,
Porcupine, mouse, bat, bird, hawk,
Quail, hump, porcupine, larva, moth,
Rattlesnake, lion, wood-pecker, sloth,
Salmon, water, gold-fish, antelope, m., dog.



Tiger, flamingo, scorpion, frog,
Cayman, stink, mantis, toad,
Viper, grilla, hawkish, mole,
Whip-poor-will, hawk, centipede, fawn,
Panther, savary, pollerog, Swan,
Yellow-horned, eagle, Ixana, lark,
Gebra, chameleon, butterfly, shark.

Each young lady will please bring a pencil and
a block of paper.



E. Φ. A.

Motto: ECCE QUAM BONUM

Lord and Master, The Great Flip-Flop.

GUARDIAN SPIRITS.

THE POWERS OF DARKNESS, HOLLINS RATS, AND ALL THE
LITTLE IMPS.

COLORS.

BLOOD RED AND INKY BLACK.

BY-LAWS.

- I. All members must comport themselves with proper decorum at a meeting of the society, otherwise, a mild form of swearing is allowed.
- II. *Resolved: That the initiation of a new member be celebrated by drinking to her health a brimming goblet of blood red-lemonade.*

MEMBERS.

*High and Mighty Screecher, SUSIE BURKS WILLIAMS.
Keeper of Mystic Records, MARY ANTOINETTE JOHNS.
Lord High Master of Ceremonies, PEARL PENN.
Chief Keeper of Sacred Rats, MARION WOODSON RAINES.
Cup Bearer, SALLIE JONES.
Grand Howler, JESSAMAL CALLOWAY.
Keeper of Sacred Portal, FANNIE PAYNE.*

YELL.

E. Φ. A., E. Φ. A.,

We are in it girls so gay!

*Hippity, Hippity, Hippity Hop,
Big Rats, Little Imps, Flip, Flap, Flop !!*

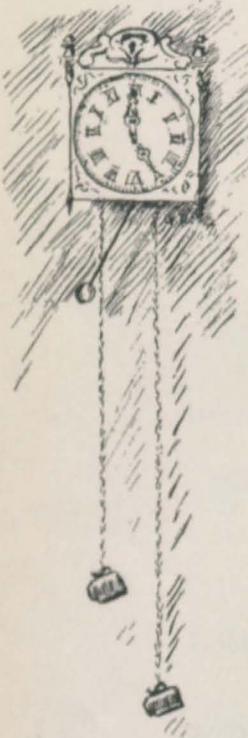
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MOTTO: E. Φ. Σ. Φ. !!

MEMBERS.

MAUDE TROTTER, Mississippi ETHEL WILLIS, Mississippi
ADINE FERRALL, Mississippi ANNA TROTTER, Mississippi
FLORENCE WILLIS, Mississippi



THE CLOVER-LEAF CLUB.

o'clock tea
We'll agree
Is just the finest charity.

THE OGIES.

MISS THALIA STEWART HAYWARD, Louisiana, Chief Ogie.
MISS ELIZABETH LITTLETON ROBERTS, Virginia, Little Bessie-
Head-in-Air.
MISS MATTIE AYER ALDRICH, South Carolina, Baroness Mun-
chausen.
MISS BESSIE KENDRICK PEYTON, Virginia, Mrs. Charles Dudley.
Our Favorite Song (quartette arrangement), Becker's Spring-Tide.

BY "LAWSY."

- 1.—No member shall mention a subject upon which the other members are not fully informed.
- 2.—The teapot can not be filled more than three times at one meeting.
- 3.—The pictures on the walls of the club room must not be changed more than twice a day.

And all us jolly "Ogies" when the tea things is done,
We sits around the settee and has the mostest fun.

OUR HAUNTS.

THE WILLOWS, NO. 11 CHAPEL.





Perchance You Wish to be Squelched?
Well, then, Ask—



"Babe" Stabler if her favorite desert is "Brown Betty."

"Dignity" Dunnington who she is rushing for society, now.

"Ria" Eaton to give a quotation from Thomas Moore.

Isabelle Turner from what military institute she graduated.

"Boots" Jamar if she is especially attracted by royalty; then say, "But, 'Boots,' what's in a name?"

"Nancy" Pool whose preparation of anti-fat she took last summer.

Sue Williams if "Maud Mullin on a summer's day, raked the meadows sweet with hay."

Isabelle Huggins if it is true that macaroni grows in the fields in the West Indies.

Miss Thalia why, on being set upon by some playful dogs, she said commandingly, "Settle down, now; go straight to your rooms."

Bess Peyton how it is that she composed Schubert's Serenade.

Marie John's how many lives Plutarch had.

Mona House whether cows put their horns up in curl-papers.

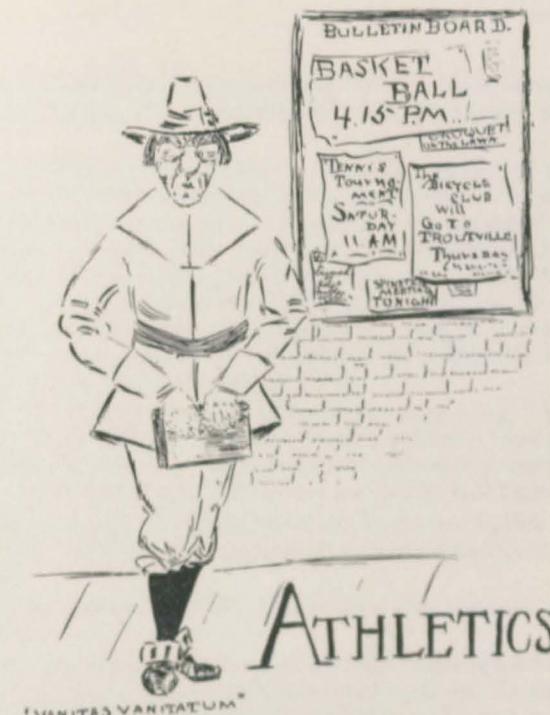
Dr. Kusian if celery produces a grease spot.

"Spooky" Pendleton if she thinks "Sappho" a suitable name for a horse.

"Shatie Kerr" if peacocks' tails are detachable.

Nita Grimsley why her favorite expression is "Ida claire."

Lily McFarlane if Ham was really the second son of Eve.



HOLLINS ATHLETICS.

One day last fall as I was lounging on my window-seat and was planning a new play for my basket-ball team, I fell asleep and had a dream.

In my dream I was hurrying along the gallery of the main building, when I was startled by seeing the figure of a strange man standing with his back to me, and gazing at the students' bulletin. It was not a beautiful vision that I saw, for he had an extremely choleric expression, as though something on the bulletin displeased him. By his broad collar and cuffs, the buckles on his hat and shoes, the knee-breeches and square-cut coat, I recognized a typical old Quaker parson; and the glasses he wore, with the Bible which he held in his hand, convinced me.

As I was about to pass on, I heard him muttering, "Vanity of vanities. All is vanity." At this I could not refrain from glancing at the bulletin to see what had called forth such severe words, when, to my astonishment, I saw that it was the basket-ball sign.

"My dear sir," I began, but I could go no further for the irrepressible desire I had to laugh when he looked sternly at me over his glasses.

"Young woman," said he, "I hope thee does not indulge in any such frivolity."

At this I plunged into a detailed account of the respective incalculable advantages of basket-ball, tennis and cycling. My eloquence, however, seemed not to change his prejudice, and I was relieved to be called just then to the denounced game.

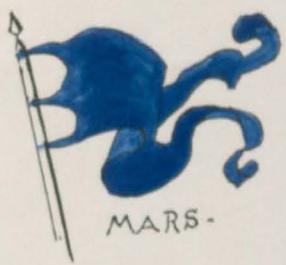
A little later, I saw him swept along by the press of enthusiastic girl spectators, and as the game was beginning, I glanced toward him, and saw that he seemed much astonished at the enthusiasm over what seemed to him merely two posts with baskets screwed on, and a lot of girls in short dresses and sweaters, wearing eager faces and disordered hair. I had no time to look longer, for the ball was about to be tossed.

Soon I had forgotten all about the Puritan parson, and was deep in the game, when I was startled by what sounded like a war-whoop, followed by the words, "Verily, maidens in blue, put the ball in," and glancing toward my old man, I saw him standing with his arms akimbo, his eyes and mouth open wide with interest. Delighted that he cheered for the blues, I determined to make a goal for two reasons, to win the old Quaker over to athletics as well as for my own satisfaction.

Gradually, the ball went toward our basket, until it was thrown to the goal-keeper, and I saw her raise it with such an aim that I felt sure it would go in, when—I awoke.

Now, this dream, kind reader, may signify nothing to you, but to me it means that, should our sedate and conservative ancestors of the first thirteen colonies, even the Puritan fathers themselves, come back to earth and witness one of our games of basket-ball, they would become reconciled at once to modern athletics.







BASKET BALL TEAM.—THE BLUES.

COCKE, CAPTAIN

POTTER	ROARK	JAMAR, GOAL KEEPER.
McCANDLISH, GOAL DEFENDER	WESTBROOK	M. COCKE
PERTE	HEFLIN	
	HOUSE	
		EATON





BASKET BALL TEAM.—THE REDS.

HARMON, CAPTAIN

ALDRICH, GOAL DEFENDER SHELL HUGGINS, GOAL KEEPER
De VOR H. WESTBROOK
L. COCKE MILLS BA
PENDLETON GRESHAM



TENNIS CLUB.

JEAN HAYWARD,
EULA JAMAR,
ISABEL HUGGINS,
SARAH DUNNINGTON,
LOUISE WARD,
ROSA COCKE,
NELLIE McGOODWIN,
BESSIE POTTER,
BESSIE PEYTON,
MATTY COCKE,
NONA DE VOR,
CHARLSIE HARMON,
ALICE DUGGER,
FANNIE GRESHAM,
ELIZABETH MIZNER,
MARIAN RAINES.



*The Stone Painting
S. M. & Co., Remondville.*

TENNIS CLUB CHAMPIONS.



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SALLIE BURT,	MATTIE COCKE,
MARY DENNY,	LEONORA COCKE,
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The Stone Crabs
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VIEW OF ENTRANCE.



MRS. THOS. P. BAGBY
MRS. CHARLES W. SCRINGEROUR

MISS MARY WILLIAMSON
MRS. L. V. TURNER

THE ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION.

Hollins, though none the less active and progressive in her workings at home, may have seemed somewhat dilatory in the organization of her Alumnae Association, for it was not until the spring of 1896, that such an organization was attempted; but the zeal and enthusiasm with which it was then taken up, and has since been carried forward, proved the movement an acceptable one, and the time chosen for its founding, most opportune and propitious. At commencement of that year a large number of the "old girls" were back to participate in the first official meeting; and many others, unable to attend, met with them in heart and spirit. This meeting, while of great importance to the Association, was, necessarily, little more than the initiative of a movement, which must eventually become the most important of all the organizations connected with Hollins, and into which, when school life is over, all the lesser societies and clubs should merge.

It was not until the second annual meeting, held on the afternoon of Commencement Day, 1897, that the constitution and by-laws were adopted, and the purposes and aim of the Association more fully discussed. What that aim is can not be better expressed than in Article III. of the constitution, which reads: "The object of this Association is declared to be to promote, in every proper way, the interests of Hollins Institute, and to foster among its graduates and pupils, an attachment to their Alma Mater and a sentiment of regard for each other." But, apart from these sentiments of reverence and fidelity, which they cherish toward their Alma Mater, and the desire for individual advancement which such sentiments stimulate, the Alumnae feel that they want, in some measure, to share

in the upbuilding and enlargement of the already extensive facilities of Hollins, and the plan which appealed most strongly to them was



MRS. WM. TAYLOR THOM,
PRESIDENT.



MRS. JNO. S. BARBOUR,
VICE-PRESIDENT.

the assisting in the erection of a gymnasium. No definite action was taken, however, though the subject was warmly discussed. This meeting, in '97, proved both helpful and inspiring, and the planting of the alumnal tree after its adjournment, and later, the banquet, at which sixty alumnae were present, by no means lessened the enthusiasm and alumnal spirit it had awakened.

As indicated in the foregoing, the Association, to which all ex-pupils of Hollins are eligible for membership, will hold annual meetings during Commencement of each year, at which time officers will be elected, and reports of the work, with suggestions for the new year, made. In addition to the business sessions, there are social features that will add greatly to the pleasure of those attending these meetings. An annual fee of one dollar is required from each member of the organization, whose present membership is two hundred, with the following officers:



MRS. W. H. WILMER,
FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT.

President, Mrs. William Taylor Thom (Bessie Miller), Sandy Spring, Maryland; First Vice-President, Mrs. W. H. Wilmer (Re Smith), Washington, D. C.; Second Vice-President, Mrs. John S. Barbour (Mary Grimsley), Culpeper, Virginia; Recording Secretary, Miss Marian S. Bayne, Hollins Institute; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Thalia S. Hayward, Hollins Institute; Treasurer, Miss Hallie Battaille, Hollins Institute; Executive Committee, Mrs. Thomas P. Bagby (Fannie Scott), West Point, Virginia, Chairman; Mrs. L. V. Turner, Hollins Institute; Mrs. C. W. Scrimgeour (Mary English Jones), Galveston, Texas; Miss Mary Williamson, New Market, Virginia; Miss Annie Johnson, Lynchburg, Virginia.

During the past year the outward workings of the Association have been manifested by the organization of two local chapters, one at Lynchburg, the other at Hollins.

The initial chapter was organized at Lynchburg, in December, 1897, adopting the constitution of the Association proper, and has now a membership of twenty. Monthly meetings of a literary character are held, while the time always devoted to "Hollins News" keeps her interest and welfare constantly before its members. The aim of this chapter is to participate, as intimately as possible, in the workings of the main Association, and, at the same time, to keep alive the local interest.



MISS MARIAN S. BAYNE,
RECORDING SECRETARY.

The chapter at Hollins is composed of the alumnae among the faculty, and has a membership of fourteen; but, owing to unavoidable circumstances, up to the time of the present writing, no formal meeting has been held. Those living in vicinities where there are sufficient numbers to organize chapters, are urged to do so at once, in order that such organizations may be reported at the next meeting in June.

Of the many calls that come to a girl at the close of her school life, few should appeal to her more than this from her Alma Mater, within whose walls the most profitable, and, often, the happiest years of her life have been spent, and where, in the search for truth, has come that higher knowledge of life, with a fuller equipment for its battles. Seemingly, it is a very little thing for each one to pledge her loyalty to its teachings, and, yet, what an army for the truth and right, when joined by the hundreds of women Hollins has sent out to bless and elevate the world! How better than by thus enlisting under her standard forever, can be paid some part of the great debt due her? How great that debt, none can know, save those who have been privileged to incur it. To no nobler cause can a woman give her allegiance than to that institution which stands as a symbol of her freedom, and of them all, none can show a fairer escutcheon than it has been the honor of Hollins to bear for more than fifty years.

Then, shall we not rally around her, and, whenever throughout our fair Southland her flag has been raised, see to it that it be never furled?

ANNIE B. JOHNSON, '95.



MISS HALLIE A. BATTAILLE,
TREASURER.



COMIN' THRO' THE HALL.

IN a lassie meet a lassie,
Comin' thro' the hall,
Gin a lassie greet a lassie,
Need a teacher call?

CHORUS.

Ilka lassie has a "darling,"
None ha'e I at all,
And yet the teachers interrupt,
Our comin' thro' the hall.

Gin a teacher meet a lassie,
Skippin' out at night—
Gin the teacher "squelch" the lassie,
Tell me is it right?—*Cho.*

'Neath Hollins shade there is a maid
I dearly lo'e mysel';
But whence she comes, or where she rooms,
I dinna care to tell.—*Cho.*

OUR BELOVED PHYSICIAN.

"I can not say, and I will not say
That he is dead—he is just away."

There are moments in the rush and roar of this vast, intricate mechanism of life, when an invisible hand seems to suddenly arrest the lever, and all sound and movement cease. So it was on that dull December morning when, from one awe-struck face to another, spread the news of the sudden departure of our beloved physician, Dr. Franklin George. A hush of sorrow too deep for words fell upon Hollins, yet in the grief was peace, not despair, as each mourning heart knew that with him it was well.

For only three months had he been in and out among us, yet few men in even as many years could have so endeared themselves to every one, from faculty to servants—could have so made themselves a part of the school and its life. Whether in tender sympathy by a sick-bed, or erect on his horse, giving a merry call of interested encouragement as he rode past the active groups of girls on the Athletic grounds; whether joining with his deep voice in the hymn at evening worship, or pausing on the corridor to help some sad, little maids struggling over a specially difficult passage in Latin—he was everywhere the loved and loving friend of each and all of us. To many his death came with all the bitterness of a first sorrow, and when we think of the life that might have been years of useful work, of beneficent influence, while in this sheltered, happy home, surrounded by his ever-widening circle of bright, loving girls, he enjoyed a glorious evening-time—then, indeed, we feel that the call which summoned him to the "morning-land" was a "depth of love that we may not know." But, though the last sweet services were denied to tender hands that would have been so eager to supply them, though all alone he met and vanquished the last great enemy, yet we know "the eternal God was his refuge and underneath were the everlasting arms."

"To kneel, all my service complete,
All duties accomplished—and then
To finish my orisons sweet
With a trustful and joyous 'Amen.'

And softly, when slumber was deep,
Unwarned by a shadow before,
On a haleyon billow of sleep
To float to the thitherward shore.

Without a farewell or a tear,
A sob or a flutter of breath;
Unharmed by the phantom of fear
To glide through the darkness of death!

Just so would I choose to depart,
Just so let the summons be given
A quiver—a pause of the heart—
A vision of angels—then Heaven!"



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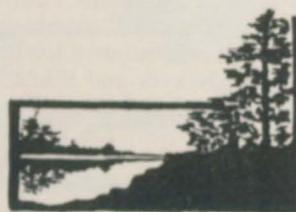
THE SPINSTER'S DRAWER.

I sit down at my desk and the April breeze blows across my forehead, and the spicy odor of boiling caramels reaches me, and I hear two youthful Ethiops in the yard disputing as to the ownership of a scarlet tie found in the coal-box, and I take up my pen—I am to write an editorial! Of two things I am quite determined: it shan't be after the type of the usual "humble remonstrance" with the public, nor, yet, after the accustomed humble apologies for self and associates. I close my eyes and think. A summer girl, a scene near the falls, the Indian chief whom I saw at the last circus, float swiftly before my mind's eye. Fie! this won't do at all. I walk over to the window and look out—the dusky young braves are amicably splitting their prize in two, now wearied each by the other's obstinacy, and considering half a tie as good as a whole one anyway, just so its red. Then I go back to my seat, shut my eyes and think again. Five minutes pass, and not an original idea. Tut, tut! there is nothing new under the sun that illuminates the world of college editorials. There, I have it! I won't write an editorial at all, but, instead, will chat with you just a little while, dear reader. No indeed, you needn't smile—all Spinsters don't "just drop in for a second on their way up town to ask you the price of ice-wool," and then talk at you for five hours on a stretch.

We have spared neither time nor effort on our little book, even though it still has its many deficiencies. We have scribbled until the ink ran in rivulets down our middle-fingers and thumbs, we have

designed until we almost drew fancy initial-letters to our Latin compositions, and we have thought and planned until our brains were perfect whirls of dollars and cents, buckram covers and deckle-edge paper.

Now, we give you the result of this, our labor, with the single hope that it may afford some little pleasure to every one into whose hands it falls. To the girls of '98, as a souvenir of this session's joys and frolics; to the outsiders as they catch a glimpse of the charm of Hollins life through its pages; to the alumnae, as they forget temporarily the easel, or the novel, or the fretful child in the nursery up-stairs, and for a moment are back at the old place again, drinking sulphur water in wild hopes of a creamy complexion by commencement, smiling radiantly at the new girl whom everybody is trying to "get," or gliding down the dark hallways, striving hard to avoid tell-tale boards and spiteful broom-sticks.



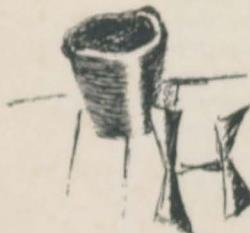
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Now, while she has the chance, THE SPINSTER wants to thank all the officers, students and friends who have been so kind to her—and they are by no means few—and, especially does she straighten her cap, and settle her glasses, and bob her cork-screw curls most earnestly as she expresses her great indebtedness to Professor Turner, of Alleghany, who has shown her—oh, courtesies innumerable. Her first year has been a favorable one, and for the sake of old Hollins, she is going to try, in the coming years of her life, to be what might possibly be called a delightful paradox—a SPINSTER that will never grow *passé*!

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THE BUCKET THAT STOOD IN THE HALL.



How dear to the heart are the scenes of old Hollins,
When fond recollections present them to view!
The campus, the parlor, the chapel, the ballroom,
And every loved spot that my college life knew.
I still see my room, with its high, white-washed ceiling,
The pictures from *Munsey* that hung on the wall,
The carpet, the dresser, the washstand and pitcher,
And e'en the tin bucket that stood in the hall.

CHORUS

The old water bucket, the zinc-plated bucket,
That ancient tin bucket that stood in the hall!

At midnight—or nearly—I, trembling, approach it,
Consumed by a thirst that has parched my dry lips,
A golden-hued goblet is simply “not in it,”
Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips!
But say, am I thirsty? Ah, ask not the question,
My darling is waiting to come at my call,
In meeting at midnight what greater attraction
Is found, than the bucket that stands in the hall?

Chorus.—



THE SPINSTER STAFF.

GERTRUDE WHITING, ART EDITOR.

ANNA COWAN GALES, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

MARY ANTOINETTE JOHNS, ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGER.

BESSIE KENDRICK PEYTON, BUSINESS MANAGER.

ROSA PLEASANTS COCKE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

gan to mention in a vague, timid sort of way, "cloth backs" and "eighty pages," and, finally, perhaps, even "fifteen illustrations," but the girl who suggested this blushed deeply a second later, at the exclamations called forth by her hopelessly extravagant idea. Well, they parted, with determined mouths and smiling eyes, and the next week students and faculty caught up little scraps of conversation here and there of a "Spinster"—some special, and, evidently, some interesting "Spinster."



Another week passed, and now the "Spinster" began to assume a special form—"8x11," "green and gold back," "illustrations by so-and-so," "principal articles by Miss Blank or Miss No-Name," etc. These were the two and two that the outsiders caught up and put together, making four. By and by, however, we found out that even we could not publish an annual without some of the filthy lucre which, if I remember rightly, is guaranteed to "make the mare go," so one bright morning, out we started with satchels and purses and pencils, and "prospectuses," to make a neat little raid on Roanoke and Roanoke firms. Oh, we started out briskly—each one with her little speech made up, and each one bearing, like Bill Nye, "a lurid campaign smile that looked about as joyous as the light-hearted gambols of a tin-horse." Indeed, so often did I repeat my little speech that day, and so often did I readjust my "lurid campaign smile," that late in the evening, as a little urchin stopped me to offer a sample box of "Drake's Best Pills," I turned to him with that same set smile and began, "We have come, sir, to solicit your advertisement—" Poor young hopeful! I meant him no harm, but he gave me one dazed look, and then took to his heels like the wind.

I am not *positive* that he told the policeman that there was a crazy person up on Salem avenue.



At dusk we started home, a wearier, a wiser, and a richer staff, and since then—oh, well, what need to tell you of the scores of letters we wrote for advertisements, of the scores of announcements we sent, and of the scores of battles we had on our hands. That was all our part, and now yours is, gentle reader, to be amused, while we step back, and, after having preached it, prove in our own lives that most excellent of doctrines, that "*Where singleness is bliss, 't is folly to be wives.*"





TRIALS OF THE FRIENDS OF "THE SPINSTER" STAFF.

[By One Who Has Been Sorely Tried.]



UCH has been said and written about the trials of editors, and much sympathy has been expended upon them, but who has ever thought of the trials of the friends of editors?

Let me tell you a few of the troubles of the friends of THE SPINSTER Staff, let me enlist a little sympathy on the side of the down-trodden mortals who have suffered silently all the year.

I date my sorrows from the first thought of the publication of THE SPINSTER; the would-be editors immediately assumed an air of patronage and condescension toward the rest of the world, very galling to their commonplace friends who could not aspire to the position of editor of anything. But the friends suffered in silence, hoping that this was only a temporary stage, an early experience common to all editors, which would, eventually, give place to a more natural and pleasant frame of mind. Far from it, as the work upon THE SPINSTER progressed, the haughtiness of the editors grew in proportion.

The things in which they formerly rejoiced, delight them no longer; the practice rooms are deserted for the editor's desk; the basket-ball field knows them no longer—they are buried under a mass of SPINSTER paper and letters.

Their friends try in vain to gain their attention for a few moments; they will not converse upon any subject which does not directly promote the good of THE SPINSTER.

They speak English no longer, their conversation consists of a confused jumble of such words as "reductions," "deposited," "subscriptions," "editorials," "half tones," "zinc plates," "steel engravings," "prospectus," and "SPINSTER paper."

These editors have put aside all the frivolities of youth, their dress has assumed all the appearance of editorial severity, which does not fail to impress their admiring friends.

The bulletin-board is no longer a public institution, it has become the means by which THE SPINSTER staff issues its commands; notices on official blue paper greet the eye at every turn and the

down-trodden friends fly to obey these orders with far more alacrity than they would show in complying with the dictates of President McKinley and Congress.

Woe unto the man, woman, or child, who dares to lay a finger upon one of these notices. Take warning from the sad fate of one unfortunate maiden who presumed to draw a faint pencil mark through her own name upon one of these sacred mandates. She was withered by the sarcasm of the assistant business manager, scorched by the fire of the business manager's eye, and ever afterward ignored by the whole SPINSTER staff.

Do not flatter yourself that, because one of the editors has condescended to make an engagement with you, she means to keep it. She will stop twenty times in as many minutes to transact SPINSTER business, interrupt you in the midst of a brilliant remark to remind you that you have not paid your subscription, and suddenly leave you without a word of explanation to attend a meeting of the staff.

Perhaps, if I had been a member of that august body, I should have done some of these things also, but I was never an editor and never hope to be one, consequently I have no fear that I shall ever wish to retract a single word I have written. Fortunately for me I shall be far away from the scene of my trials before this meets the eyes of the staff, otherwise I should never have dared to utter such treasonable sentiments against them.

Girls of '99, I have had your welfare in view while writing these things, and I have not labored in vain if I have given you a few hints by which you can avoid the pit-falls into which I so ignominiously tumbled.

Count no editor your friend; they are a race of false friends, hard-task masters, and unforgiving enemies.

Down with the editor !





MRS. COCKE.



A COMMENCEMENT IDYL.



FAR fetched joke aimed at an unappreciative visitor on the other side of the walk, a stealthy escape while the others are laughing immoderately, a run across the old bridge, a sharp pull up the hill, and—

It is Commencement Day. Everything seems full of life and warmth and color, and far below me on the campus which I have just left, the girls in their filmy summery gowns, are flitting to and fro like exquisite butter-flies. Indeed, I can distinguish my dainty little friend turning this way and that, wondering, evidently, at my mysterious disappearance, and with a sigh of satisfaction, I throw myself down on the cool, lush grass. Festivities have seemed strangely out of place to me to-day, and I have stolen away from the pleasure and gay repartee that I may have a last quiet hour



on my beautiful "sunset hill." It is not sunset now, however, but the morning of a typical summer day. The sun filters down upon me, through the tree-tops in rich, golden showers, and as I lie and look up through the branches, presently a silver-throated bird floats from the top of the nearest tree, poises for just a moment, glimmering in the sunlight, and then, up, up, up, until it is lost in the heart

of the mystic blue. I drop my eyes slowly, and look straight across the country. Before me, as far as the eye can reach, stretch the mountains, a study in soft, chromatic shades from the emerald hill nearest me to that dim violet outline against the sky. Here and there among the nearest mountains, I can catch the sudden flashes of the sunlight on some narrow, turbulent stream, and I try to follow the course of one of these rushing brooks until it becomes dazzling to me, then close my eyes and listen. I think there is nothing more enchanting than the music of a June day. Far away, I hear the keen swell and trilling diminuendo of a bird song; nearer, a brook runs, bubbling and cooing along like a thoughtless child, and within touch of my hand, a bee, imprisoned in a buttercup's embrace, is buzzing in drowsy resentment. Oh, prisoned bee, rest content in your golden cell. I know a heart which has struggled and longed to be free from what it, too, deemed a baneful prison; but to-day the doors are open, it must go out into the great, cold world, and that heart would fain live always in what proves to be *its* golden prison cell. But the bee's struggles grow monotonous, and bending over to free him, I laugh, as with a defiant buzz-z-z-z, he darts away into the sunshine.

Yes, truly, this is the last day of my Hollins life. To-morrow I will be free from its routines and rules, with life before me, bright and joyous, or sad and shadowed—ah! how can I know? Yet,



there is one thing I can know. My life may not be one known to a world of watching people, it may not even influence the lives of a single set or sect, but it need not be a sordid or a base life; it may be just a prayer, or a song, or a flower, to brighten and strengthen those around me, and help them upward to higher planes of living. Sometimes, there are vast soul-depths of longing for knowledge—for knowledge unparalleled; vague gropings after an understanding of the infinite. And, yet, what greater happiness



VIEW FROM SUNSET HILL.

could there be than this? Just to rest alway—but an humble flower—in the sunshine of God's smile, reflecting its joyousness, and lighting up the hearts with which we come in touch.

To be sure, youth is ambitious. It looks away toward the cloud-crowned peaks of the future, and its brain whirls with far-off views of aims and longings realized; it but narrows its lids and looks a little farther than the prosy present, and lo! admiration, laurel-



wreaths, success. But these things all depend upon advantages and environments. Now, I can only determine the motive power of my life, and its aim. Let me think, shall mine be a career known for its social indulgences, or its study, or its charities? What channel will I choose for it, what name shall it be called—Hark! What is that?

*"Onward, Christian Soldiers,
Marching as to war!"*

It is the commencement hymn. For a moment, as the triumphant harmony reaches me, I lie listening, my heart thrilled with the answer to my question, given by the fresh clear voices in the distance; then, with a sudden determination to go and blend my own with theirs in the last verse of that grand battle-hymn, I rise hastily, and with a parting glance at the mighty hills, and a last farewell to my dear old haunt, I move swiftly down through the aisles of dancing sunlight and shadow.

KATHERINE ANN WHITFIELD.





GOOD-BYE.





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HOLLINS, VIRGINIA.

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(butter) and the girl
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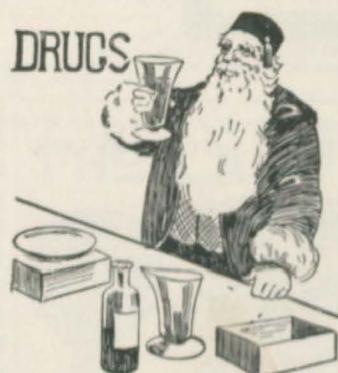
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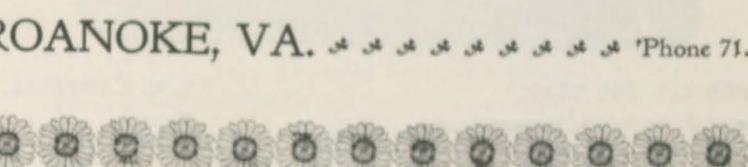
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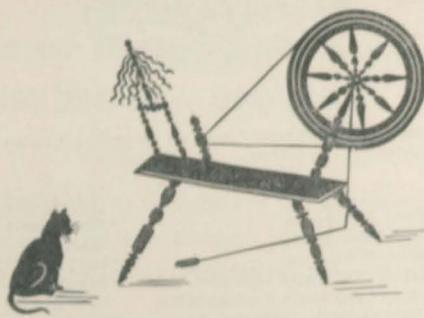
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